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—SEE PAGE 429

NATIONAL REVIEW

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Police think some of missing **Weathermen** who were recently indicted by a federal grand jury are hiding out in Canada, others possibly in Mexico. If their whereabouts can be traced, extradition proceedings will be started against them. . . . Meanwhile, the **Conspiracy Seven** national road show continues. . . . At New York's **Guggenheim Museum** last week their fans staged a musical comedy entitled **"Conspiracy Eight"** (**Bobby Seale** was originally one of the group). . . . In California, the Chancellor of the U. of Cal. at Santa Barbara has said no to proposed speech by **Jerry Rubin** on April 16. (The last time one of the company—lawyer **William Kunstler**—played Santa Barbara, Santa Barbara lost one of its banks.) . . . Kunstler, most of whose clients seem to be on the lam, is occupying the idle hours composing a poem on the Conspiracy Trial which will be published in next month's *Avant-Garde*. . . . *Avant-Garde* and the *Guardian*, incidentally, have had serious falling out over a nude sex-kitten ad *Avant-Garde* wanted to take in the *Guardian*. It was turned down not because it was too sexy but because it "exploits women." *Guardian* is big on Women's Liberation (what Presidential speechwriter **Bill Safire** calls Women's Lip).

■ Republicans on Hill say hard-core opposition to President Nixon among Republicans in Senate was demonstrated on the **Carswell** recommittal vote, which had, from the Northeast, **Javits** and **Goodell** (N.Y.), **Case** (N.J.), **Brooke** (Mass.), **Prouty** (Vt.), **Mathias** (Md.), **Schweiker** (Pa.) and from Northwest, **Hatfield** (Ore.) voting against Carswell. Other Republicans who voted against the nomination itself: **Margaret Chase Smith** (Me.), **Marlow Cook** (Ky.), **Charles Percy** (Ill.), **Robert Packwood** (Ore.) and **Hiram Fong** (Hawaii).

■ Doves love it: legislation drafted by two Republican congressmen, **Donald Riegle** (Mich.) and **Paul McCloskey** (Cal.) to cut off all Vietnam funds except those necessary to complete the U.S. withdrawal. McCloskey, you may recall, beat out **Shirley Temple Black**

Jon, *Daily Mail*

"Frankly, dear, it gives me the willies."

in special California primary in 1967. . . . On the whole, **John Tunney** (D., Cal.) is glad he didn't get backing of far-out **California Democratic Council** which has endorsed **Jess Unruh** for governor and Rep. **George Brown** for senator. At same time CDC came out for 1) abolition of House Internal Security Committee, 2) immediate bugout in Vietnam, 3) repeal of the Tonkin Gulf resolution and against 4) the Conspiracy Seven trial. . . . Ohio primary fight between Gov. **James Rhodes** and **Robert Taft Jr.** (for Sen. **Young**'s seat) getting nasty. Rhodes trying to make big thing out of fact that some stocks in Taft's portfolio are in defense industries.

■ Communist and far-left press (*World*, *Guardian*) blasting Negro militant **Robert Williams** for appearing before **Senate Internal Security Subcommittee**. They hint that Williams, who returned to this country after eight years in Cuba, Red China and Africa, has made deal with **FBI** to tell all in exchange for promise that authorities will go easy on him on a long-standing kidnap charge in North Carolina. . . . Both papers also hinting that **Rap Brown**, who has been missing ever since two of his friends were blown up in a car near Bel Air, Maryland a month ago, might have been in the car and killed too. They suggest police authorities might have been involved in crime. . . . Radical left *Leviathan* sternly instructs its readers not to address their letters to "sir" or "gentlemen" because "there are no 'sirs' or 'gentlemen' on the *Leviathan* staff."

■ Anniversaries: According to UN sources it was **Ralph Bunche** who persuaded **U Thant** not to bring out a History of the UN for the 25th anniversary of the founding—might not look too good. . . . Twenty-fifth anniversary documentary on the defeat of Nazi Germany, which the Soviet Union is putting out, shows a rehabilitated **Josef Stalin** as the great war leader. . . . To counter Communist propaganda on 100th anniversary of the birth of **Lenin**, American Bar Association's active Standing Committee on Communism is holding a "Lenin Centenary Conference" April 20 to 22 at **Oklahoma State University** (Stillwater, Okla., 74074).

■ More bad news for potheads: That bad earthquake in western Turkey three weeks ago was in Kutahya Province where much of the opium and hashish that reach Western Europe and the United States are grown. Many of the farmers who raised the drugs have been killed.

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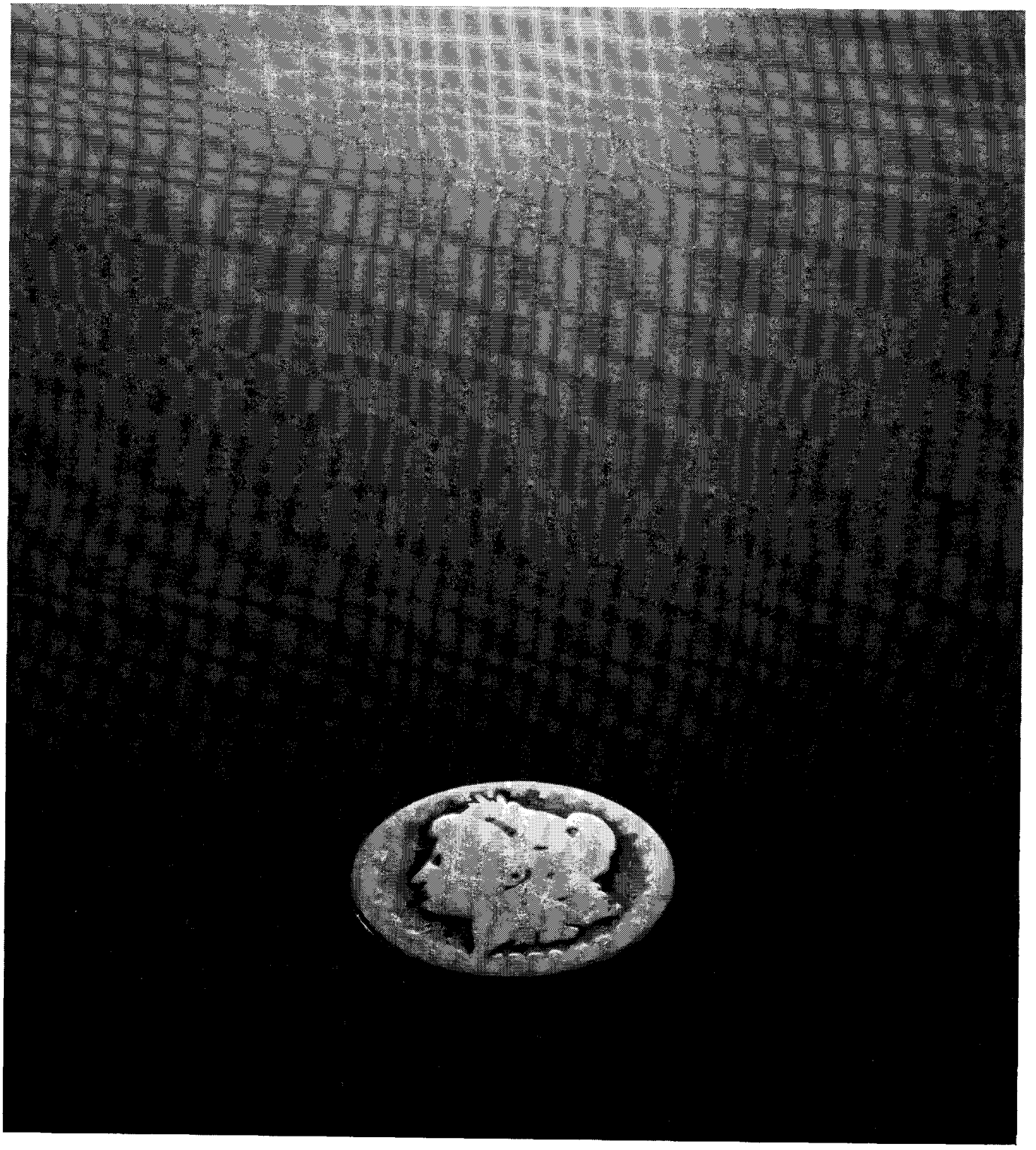

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LETTERS

Barrage Time

I was greatly interested by Robert Altmeyer's "Is the Army a Welfare State?" [March 24]. Throughout my 21 months of service as an MD in the Army I have been impressed with the waste and inefficiency in the provision of medical care. Truthfully I have not given the Army one good day's work, not because I am lazy (I am) but because of a misallocation of my resources; it is quite nice for me, but the taxpayer is receiving a bum deal.

On the other hand, I was unconvinced by Mr. Altmeyer's comments regarding the PX system. As I understand it, the buyer pays the cost of overhead in running the system and therefore I cannot see where the government would substantially save by eliminating the PX. Additionally, the proceeds from PX sales contributed last year some $80 million to aid funds.

STEVEN C. SCHUELLER
Alexandria, Va. Capt., USMC

Mr. Altmeyer's article can be answered very simply—The Army Is Not a Welfare State.

As for turning over to private enterprise the operation of the PX and commissary and similar facilities, that has been tried a few times too often within the past hundred years and with poor results. From the time of General Custer up to the present, every time one of our commercial firms gets its sticky fingers into the soldier's payday pittance, the gouging begins.

As far as the free medical facilities are concerned, they must be maintained because the average serviceman could not afford the prices presently being charged by our eminent doctors and gold-plated hospitals.

I have never observed any military men with dependents being forced to live in base or post housing or any other type of government housing. He can live where he wants to if he can afford it. However, it often serves the best interests of the service if the officer or noncommissioned officer resides on the post because he is subject to duty 24 hours a day, not eight hours a day as Mr. Altmeyer implies—and without any overtime pay.

L. S. ROGERS
Rome, N.Y. CWO, USAF (Ret.)

Military commissaries and PXs are not, as Mr. Altmeyer states, "perfect examples of the failure of socialism," or even examples of socialism at all. Low prices in military stores are, at least in theory, made possible by enormous volume purchasing, low wages to employees who are mainly military dependents (and are generally less "lazy and surly" than their civilian counterparts) and, in some cases, relief from state and local taxes. Some items are priced higher than civilian competition, but standards of quality are usually higher, thereby providing the serviceman a freedom of choice as to where to shop.

N. BRUCE GREGORY
Woodland Park, Colo. Lt. Cmdr., USN

As a career medical officer, I will address myself only to Mr. Altmeyer's remarks concerning medical care. It is slanderous to assert that only a few soldiers get prompt or decent medical care at Army hospitals. All eligible Army hospitals that I know of are accredited by the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals (a civilian agency), and the care provided (by largely civilian-trained physicians) is excellent. It is absolutely *not* true that there are "swarms of malingerers"; soldiers get really sick, like anybody else. Furthermore, sick call for soldiers is universally held the first thing in the morning (so that they may return to duty as quickly as possible) and dependents are seen later. In every Army hospital I have been in, soldiers always take precedence over dependents, except, of course, in emergencies.

RICHARD B. STUART
Dugway, Utah LtC, USMC

New Breed of Russian?

There is an inconsistency in Tibor Szamuely's toughly argued article ["Are Things *Really* Improving in the USSR?," March 10]. On the one hand he contends that the Soviet Union does not dare to dismantle Stalinism, but on the other hand he thinks that the Communist regime has been able to create what sometimes has been called a "homo sovieticus"—an obedient and gullible nation of sheep. He can't have it both ways or at least he shouldn't. It would be more correct to argue that the regime cannot afford to de-Stalinize because the Communist Party has failed to sell itself to the Soviet citizens.

One can agree with Szamuely that the Soviet Union today is more stable than ever before, but that has nothing to do with any illusions that the Soviet people may harbor about their cruel masters. One must remember that the Soviet people have learned to persevere and be patient. So far they have expressed their displeasure by carrying on the longest slowdown strike in history, as production figures in agriculture and industry would show.

The continued existence of the Soviet Union is predicated on the ability of the top party leadership to hold itself together. There is no reason to assume that the inner cabal of the party is about to disintegrate. But once this disintegration would occur then the question is not what groups would resist the party but rather what groups in the Soviet Union would come to the aid of the party. I am sure that there would be some, but I cannot see the peasants or workers shedding any tears for it. Neither do I see the technocrats coming to its aid.

Ithaca, N.Y. A. EZERGAILIS

Reform is Ruin

Ronald Moe's "Let's Keep the Electoral College" [April 7] is the most comprehensive and convincing argument against electoral reform to appear in print. Perhaps the proposed overhaul *would* prevent a George Wallace from becoming President. But it would also, as Mr. Moe points out, Balkanize American politics. I strongly recommend that a copy of the article be sent to every legislator and official in Washington.

Columbus, Ohio WALTER P. STEBBINS

Reader's Night Out

It's really all your fault.

Last night, moved by your review of *The Damned* [March 10], I took my wife briefly out of purdah and went with her to see that much-praised film. She was reluctant but I waved *NR* like a battleflag, and upstairs she went to put on her pantsuit.

I bought two tickets to the 9:45 showing and we went into the lobby to wait for the previous showing to end. There were four others waiting, four Negro faggots in bizarrely elegant costumes posturing, giggling and flying high on something or other. My spouse, who does not get around, naturally thought they were rather cute but I was wishing to heaven that I had worn my claymore, or at least that some people resembling middle-class America would appear.

We took our seats in the theater, strategically placing ourselves as far away from the quartet as possible, and settled back to watch the movie. Unfortunately I did not have a copy of the script with me and thus spent what seemed like six hours trying to sort out the characters. I really never did, except for the grandfather who was plugged early. My darling spouse spent a similar time trying to sort out who was male and who was female, her convent education failing to have informed her that there is a large lavender area between the two.

I'm still trying to figure out why Bogarde took poison at the end. Was that

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makeup on the Baroness, I think it was the Baroness, at the wedding, I think it was a wedding, for real or is someone from Ringling Bros. now a cosmeticist? Whatever happened to *plot* and *suspense* or just plain good writing or are we so hopelessly square we might as well stick to *I Love Lucy*?

We realized the picture was over only because the screen went dark and the lights came on in the theater. The man sitting next to me turned to his wife and said, "I don't know who's crazier—those people up on the screen or us down here for sitting through it." Amen, Amen.

West Roxbury, Mass. JOHN BRENNAN

Super-Silly Transport?

I find James Burnham's plea for government funding of the SST transport incongruous with what I thought was his general libertarian bent. There is no element in his argument for government intervention that could not be applied equally well to any machine or service with a potential export market, or possible foreign competition. The SST is uneconomic in a free-market sense, because it is ahead of its time—perhaps if not technologically, at least in terms of the willingness of passengers to pay the necessary large premiums for the saving of a relatively small amount of travel time.

Even Mr. Burnham implies that the Concorde and Russian SST are unlikely to attract much commercial interest. The Comet was "ahead" of the Boeing 707 by five years, but one can say that its eventual failure was complete. No non-Soviet airline, to my knowledge, has ever willingly bought a Russian transport aircraft, and it seems unlikely that will change—Pan Am's overtures notwithstanding.

In spite of this, to the exent a foreign government forces its own people to subsidize the manufacture of an aircraft, it becomes more to our interest economically to import that aircraft, everything else being equal.

There is a plausibility in Mr. Burnham's prediction that unless an American SST project is federally funded we will lose the long-range transport market for the next three decades. However, his temptation to disregard the market and to presume to know what is in our best interest is more typical of the political systems he anathematizes.

The limited government, free-market concept is above all a principle of freedom, but it is not coincidentally also the most economically productive system over a period of time.

SAM H. HUSBANDS JR.

San Francisco, Calif.

So we're not "facing the real world," eh? I have some experience of aerospace medicine, and for the following reasons I'm against the SST.

First, we don't need it, precisely because

(Continues on page 424)

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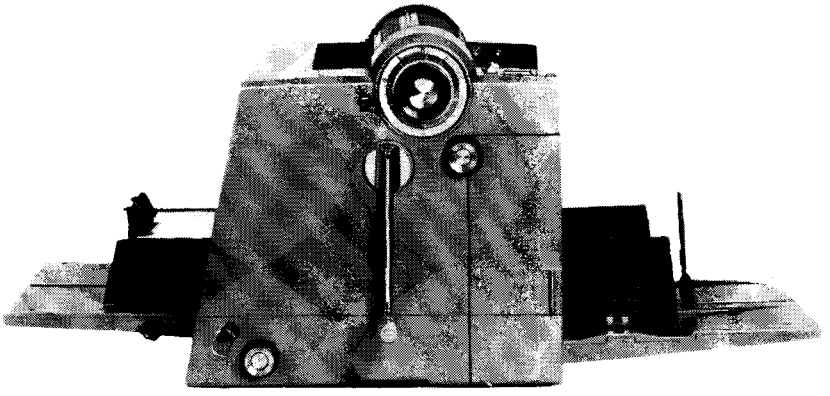

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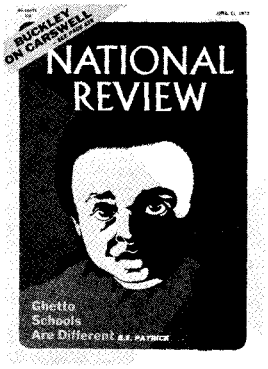
IN THIS ISSUE

■ **B. E. Patrick** is two people. B. E. Patrick 1, who wants to remain anonymous, holds two masters degrees and has extensive teaching experience in ghetto schools. B. E. Patrick 2, also a ghetto school veteran, is known to her two children as Ruth Loughney. In their first *NR* appearance, B. E. 1 and 2 tell us what ghetto teaching in really like. And it's like nothing they teach in education courses. Now that they've found the right combination, the Patricks intend to continue to collaborate. . . . **Max Geltman** has contributed scores of articles to *NR*. His book, *The Confrontation*, which grew out of one of these articles, will be published by Prentice-Hall in June. Mr. Geltman has also finished a second book, *Israel: The Life and Death of a Little Nation*. . . . **Alec Waugh**'s latest novel, *A Spy in the Family* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), described by Mr. Waugh as "a delicate treatment of an indelicate subject," continues to receive rave reviews. . . . **Kenneth Melvin** is a scholar fom New Zealand who studied in England and has been teaching at Boston University. Mr. Melvin's earlier *NR* piece, "Big Brother Is Dead Too" (Feb. 11, 1969), blew up a great ideological tempest. . . . **John Rothchild** writes from Ecuador on the changing face of the Peace Corps, in which he served a two-year hitch. . . . Although this marks **John Lofton**'s first official *NR* article appearance, he has long provided us with first-hand, behind-the-scenes Washington information. Mr. Lofton, when not writing his daily hundred pounds of memos, handles research chores in the public relations section of the National Republican Congressional Committee.



■ It's our Spring Book Issue; reviewers' fancies turn to many things. **Walter Berns**, who reviews the latest analysis of the Warren Court, served as chairman of Cornell's Government Department until June 1969, when he resigned to protest the molly-coddling of guerrilla students by ex-President Perkins. Earlier in the year he had been voted Cornell's outstanding professor by the student body. Mr. Berns, author of numerous articles, *Constitutional Cases in American Government* and *Freedom, Virtue and the First Amendment*, is at present a professor at Colgate. . . . **Garry Wills**—classicist, contributing editor of *Esquire* and author of five books—sees striking similarities between the campaigns of Barry Goldwater and Eugene McCarthy. Mr. Wills' latest book, *Nixon Agonistes*, will be published by Houghton-Mifflin in October. . . . **Christopher Nichols** looks at the new *Esquire* anthology. . . . And **Francis Russell** analyzes the latest exploration of the involuted character of T. E. Lawrence.

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THE WEEK

■ This week's 1984 Award goes to Senator Edmund Muskie, for the most novel pollution solution yet. "In a consumer-oriented society," says Muskie, "everything we produce leads to waste. Maybe we ought to set some limits on the standard of living."

■ Our own John Wayne has won the Oscar. A special Oscar should be awarded to the Committee, which transcended the anti-Wayne arguments in recognition of an outstanding performance by the greatest living Hollywood trouper. The contrast is interesting with, e.g., the Nobel Committee, or for that matter the National Book Awards Committee. Wayne's sins are (beginning with the least of them) a) an occasional woodenness of manner on the screen, which however is regularly forgiven others, e.g., Gregory Peck. And b) (above all), his attraction to themes that honor duty and country, culminating in the great blasphemy of the *Green Berets* in which he—would you believe it?—sided with *us*! As we suggest, the courage of the Hollywood Philistine is in refreshing contrast to the continued pusillanimity of the poets hereabouts and in Stockholm, who for reasons patently political, refuse to recognize the poetic talent of Ezra Pound.

■ Here we go again, or do we? Now it's the Chicago Twelve, Weathermen all, indicted for conspiracy and crossing state lines to commit riot. Assigned to try the case is Judge Julius Hoffman (poor man—have they never heard of double jeopardy?), so look for a reprise of the Chicago Seven's deliberate-contempt strategy—when and if the trial is held. Just now, none of the defendants is on hand; bench warrants have been issued for the arrest of nine, including Mark Rudd (also being sought on charges stemming from the Columbia University disturbances) and Kathy Boudin (wanted for questioning in the New York "bomb factory" case). If it can get the defendants into the courtroom, the prosecution should have a somewhat easier time proving its case than it did with the Seven: The Weathermen are indicted for planning and leading the "four days of rage" in Chicago last October, a straight window-smashing, rock-hurling operation.

■ Napalm is a grey area, you know. Properly used, it can be an instrument of dynamic social change, in such pleasurable pursuits as toasting your local draft board of a summer's eve. In the wrong hands, however, napalm has the unfortunate quality of landing unerringly on the crowds of women and children who accompany heroic Vietnamese freedom fighters resisting the imperialistic assaults of American troops. This latter fact so troubled young members of the Screenwriters' Guild that they quite overlooked napalm's positive side and demanded the Guild pension fund divest itself of the stock of Dow Chemical (which manufactures it). But it turned out just about all the companies represented in the Guild pension fund were warmongers, and that the Guild, by law, could not assume control of the fund, and so, *Variety* reported, the Guild ended the "dump Dow" movement at the Beverly Hilton. Guild pensions are not a grey area.

■ Bombs are also a grey area. But with the war de-escalating so rapidly into Laos, Cambodia, Guatemala, planes, merchant ships, Greenwich Village, corporate offices, power stations, police stations, courtrooms, etc. . . ., it is definitely time we found solutions to our more pressing problems, such as littering. Do your part on Earth Day, April 22, née Lenin's Birthday Centennial. Pick up a beer can. Throw it at a pollutocrat.

■ The Justice Department has brought the first suit against a U. S. corporation for alleged violation of the UN sanctions against trade with Rhodesia. It charges that an import-export firm has brought in Rhodesian chrome and chrome ore. The U.S. has inadequate domestic supplies of chrome. Rhodesian chrome is the highest quality in the world, and until three years ago this country got 37 per cent of its requirements from Rhodesian mines. It was then paying $32 a ton for ore. The only other major supplier is Russia, to which American industries were forced to turn. We are now getting more than 45 per cent of our chrome from Russia—at a price of $60 a ton. Chrome is essential in most of the major metallurgical processes, and absolutely indispensable in aircraft, submarines and advanced-technology ships. Our armament and heavy industry are now dependent on the Kremlin. Another triumph of American foreign policy.

■ He's got it all figured out: "Puny as it is by great-power standards, North Vietnam is the paramount power in Indochina. We ought to welcome North Vietnam's pre-eminence in Indochina, because while North Vietnam has shown itself strong enough to dominate Indochina, if left alone by outside powers, it has also shown itself willing and able to resist Chinese domination. At the same time, North Vietnam is far too small a power to have any serious hope of conquering all of Southeast Asia, much less posing any kind of threat to the United

Buried

George Gallup says the likes of us,
By 8 to 1, don't want to bus.
When did I read your thoughts and mine?
The *New York Times*, page 49.

W. H. VON DREELE

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States." Thus Sen. J. William Fulbright (D., Cloud-Cuckooland), expounding new myths and ignoring such old realities as 1) North Vietnam is paramount in Indochina because of Russian and Red Chinese arms and money; 2) North Vietnam is able to resist Chinese domination only because the American presence in Southeast Asia gives her a bit of maneuvering room; 3) take away the American presence and Red China will, quite inevitably, dominate North Vietnam and the rest of Indochina and, eventually, all of Southeast Asia.

■ Boy, do we feel terrible for having mocked everybody who said things were coming around in Russia! The Third Edition of the *Great Soviet Encyclopedia* is just out, and whaddaya know, the Wright Brothers are now credited with the first successful airplane flight. Brave of the commissars to admit it—but then they can still lay claim to such other innovations as mass political purges, wholesale liquidation, Lysenkoism and (most recently) artificial caviar.

■ The Way We Live Now: Black students at Cornell looted the campus bookstore because their Black Studies Center burned down. At Buffalo University, the faculty announced they could live quite nicely with arson, vandalism and classroom disruption—anything but police on campus. And at San José State College in California, they're offering a course in "gay evolution." According to the catalogue, the course will be open to those "who would like to rap on the life-style of the new liberated homosexual."

■ The Way We Live Now (cont.): Mr. Marvin Katko and Mr. Edward Briney, both of Eddyville, Iowa, work hard at their professions. But Mr. Katko does much better than Mr. Briney. Mr. Briney is a farmer. Mr. Katko is a burglar. A few months ago, Mr. Katko set out on a typically busy night to burgle Mr. Briney's house. But Mr. Briney had set up a shotgun trap inside his house. Mr. Katko tripped it and was wounded in the ankle. Sure that his rights had been violated, Mr. Katko sued Mr. Briney. And won. Mr. Briney was ordered to pay Mr. Katko $30,000. To do so, Mr. Briney had to sell most of his farm. Moral? We don't know. Ask William O. Douglas.

■ Seems We've Heard this Song Before: "The Easter holidays highlighted the vulnerability of the government's economic and social policy in other sectors: Planes were delayed by a 'work-to-rule' strike of air traffic controllers and mail was held up by work stoppages in certain sorting centers. The [principal city's] public transport system is threatened by another strike. This upsurge of social agitation has raised the delicate question in government and informed circles of how to strike a balance between the regime's current policy of conciliation and the need to maintain authority." From *Le Monde Weekly*, April 1, 1970.

The Old Champ Wins Again

A year ago there were many who thought Old Man Inflation had met his match when Richard Nixon stepped into the ring. But it begins to look as if the smart money was right again, and the champ too tricky for even this doughty challenger. "Mounting inflation induced by the errors of the preceding Administration" was going to be curbed and then halted by a firm policy of tight money and fiscal restraint. The budget would be strictly balanced.

A renewed sense of civic responsibility shared by labor and management would further the government's intent to hold prices and wages in check.

In a fight with inflation a democratic politician-in-office is always the underdog. The reason is easy enough to understand. Inflation is addictive. After it has become a habit, withdrawal is inevitably painful. Pain doesn't attract votes. As election time approaches, it therefore follows as the spring the winter that a head of government and his colleagues conclude that restraints and austerities have lasted long enough, unemployment is rising, recession and depression have become the main threat, one must loosen the reins and, God willing, we'll hope that by November economic conditions will be cheerful enough to keep the voters in our column. When a politician reaches his moment of truth, the present pain of losing this year's election invariably outweighs the possible future pains resulting from continuing inflation.

A month ago, rising unemployment rates, falling profits, sinking production indices and collapsing stock markets signaled the arrival of a recession that meant the deflationary process was taking hold, while at the same time the November election rose toward the top of the political agenda. Responding with his thoroughly conditioned political reflex, Mr. Nixon released various construction and other spending funds that had been quarantined; got his friend, Arthur Burns, newly installed as Federal Reserve Chairman, to ease up on the money supply; pressed for passage of his welfare bill that will add no one knows how many billions to public expenditure; asked billions for antipollution and a billion and a half to help school integration; called for immediate upping of military pay and veterans benefits and a big increase in medicare and social security; proposed an 8 per cent pay jump for postal workers to start in July with a 6 per cent increase for them and all other government employees retroactive to December, 1969; etc.—the usual, in other words. The federal budget, theoretically balanced when presented by combining the most optimistic projections with stretchout of necessary projects and one-shot accounting shifts, began leaking in every direction.

Labor and management joined in vigorously. The unions in both government and private industry outbid each other with demands, and often reached settlements

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by upping pay by as much as 15 per cent annually. No day goes by without announcements of price increases for commodities, manufactured goods, and services.

Monetary measures have a delayed effect in the economy. The full effect of the restrictive policy followed over most of the past year will presumably be felt in the months just ahead. But with this present and expanding move toward easier money, expansive fiscal steps and the accompanying powerful upward wage-price pushing, there does not seem to be much chance that the rate of price inflation is going to be much slowed; a still faster rate, perhaps after a few months of leveling off, is rather likely. Besides its more narrowly economic aspects, continuing inflation breeds an inflationary psychology. A nation gets on an inflation treadmill. The expectation of further inflation becomes self-fulfilling, since it leads to actions—by management, labor, consumers—that do in fact foster inflation. The Administration did not sustain its part in the protracted anti-inflation conflict long enough to reverse the psychology. The nation may now be heading into a period when it will have to endure the worst of both worlds: continuing price inflation along with high unemployment, low profits and a generally depressed economy. Let us hope we won't shift all the way to the Brazilian economic style, and have to adapt to an economic way of life based on a 30 per cent price lift each year.

Test in Cambodia

The puzzling Cambodian events and non-events may provide the first critical test of one side of the Vietnamization concept that *NR* has been almost alone in stressing. The North Vietnamese-Vietcong forces, as everyone knows, have been using Cambodian territory as sanctuary, training and recuperation quarters and supply conduit. The number of their troops on Cambodian soil, mostly near the frontier with South Vietnam, is said to have been averaging between forty and sixty thousand. This secure Cambodian base and the supplies coming through from Sihanoukville by sea and from Laos over the mountains have obviously been big strategic and tactical assets; losing them would be bad news for Hanoi.

The new Cambodian government wants them out, but they won't go for the asking and the Cambodian army isn't strong enough to throw them out; it is too weak, probably, to defend the main centers if the North Vietnamese decide to attack them. Since their ouster is also most desirable from a South Vietnamese point of view, the occasion for joint action self-evidently is at hand. According to reports there have been at least some concerted operations in the past couple of weeks. In these (according to the reports), South Vietnamese units, in communication with Cambodian forces, have pursued North Vietnamese units across the border into Cambodia. U.S. units and individuals working with the South Vietnamese are said to have gone along up to but not across the border, though in some cases firing across it while U.S. aircraft and helicopter gunships have also been firing over the border from the South Vietnamese side.

Maybe the U.S. forces haven't been quite such sticklers for the rules, but let us assume that they have been or will be, on what is or is taken to be Mr. Nixon's pledge of not "enlarging" the Vietnam war. The South Vietnamese have not taken any such pledge.

There are two sides to Vietnamization: 1) the gradual withdrawal of U.S. combat forces from Vietnam; 2) the correlative fuller and fuller assumption by South Vietnam of responsibility for her own fate. South Vietnamese responsibility must necessarily cover both military and political action; to exercise it South Vietnam must be granted the freedom to make her own decisions and, on the military side, must have proper and adequate weapons as well as training to be able to defend her freedom.

So we return to Cambodia. If the Cambodian and South Vietnamese governments want to take joint measures to get the North Vietnamese-Vietcong out of Cambodia, will the U.S. respect their joint intent, and back it up with adequate supplies of suitable weapons and such auxiliary support as is relevant and needed? Or will the U.S. insist on the right to veto a Saigon decision that it may disagree with? And if it does have the right to veto, what is the meaning of "Vietnamization"?

By wanting a South Vietnam able to go it on its own, the U.S. commits itself to a South Vietnam that might decide to go counter to U.S. wishes.

Ascent from Chappaquiddick

Teddy, in a stump oration,
Ridicules "Vietnamization."
Hints at CIA collusion;
Darkly prophesies delusion.
No attempt at being subtle:
Teddy's hungering to scuttle.
Funny, what he wants to smother
Had the blessing of his brother.

W. H. von Dreele

Dere Go De Judge

The arguments put forward by Judge Harrold Carswell's opponents were transparent nonsense. Incompetence? Mediocrity? Why, the Senate had approved of Carswell for three successive judicial appointments without so much as a murmur of criticism. First as a U.S. attorney, next as a federal judge in a District Court, then as a judge in a Circuit Court of Appeals. The "case" against Carswell had no more substance than the phony charges of impropriety floated against Judge Clement Haynsworth.

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The issue in both cases was ideological, and for the liberals it was a gut issue. They no longer control the White House or the House of Representatives, and it looks as if it will be quite a spell before they control them again; their remaining redoubts are the Senate and the Court, and in both they are on the defensive. In the Senate 24 Democrats face re-election this year as against ten Republicans, and the national mood gives the Democrats small cause for confidence. In the Court the situation is even more sticky, because several of the liberals there are Struldbruggs, and because it is Nixon who is doing the appointing.

The Court, moreover, has become a special favorite of the liberals. Precisely because it is not an elective body, it has the capacity to legislate, nay, virtually to govern, against the will of the nation. Under Earl Warren it did this flagitiously. The value to the liberals of such arbitrary powers is plain. Their favorite projects are not at all popular, and it is unthinkable that they could be voted into law. The only way to advance them is to impose them from above by fiat.

To recall one of President Nixon's ringing phrases, one meaning of the election returns of 1968—of the 57-43 split against Humphrey—is that, among other things, the country has "had it up to here" with government by judicial fiat. President Nixon has his mandate. Let him send another conservative nomination to the Senate. And another, until it chokes on them.

Countdown to November (I)

April blew in with unseasonable storms, and at Grossinger's, a bit of Miami incongruously nestled in Rip Van Winkle country, the New York Democratic State Committee took its cue from the weather.

No one fainted when Arthur Goldberg won approval as the party's official gubernatorial candidate. But many were startled by his rather stunning display of political ineptitude. Despite his peculiar pre-candidacy vacillation, once he did announce he seemed an exceptionally strong candidate. But his performance at Grossinger's suggests that he may become Nelson Rockefeller's greatest campaign asset.

First there were the smears by such good liberal types as Robert Morgenthau: Goldberg was a tool of the "bosses," who conspire together in "smoke-filled rooms." Routine politics, but Goldberg panicked in a most amateurish fashion. He mounted the rostrum, his little Kreuttner eyes rolling wildly, and announced he would "waive" the party's designation. The convention was thrown into an uproar. His advisers calmed him down, however, by pointing out that without the party's designation Eugene Nickerson would become the official candidate in the June 23 primary and Goldberg would then have to petition to get on the ballot. So then he mounted the rostrum again and honked that he had used the word "waive" symbolically—ho, ho, ho—and anyhow, people just didn't understand what "waive" meant (first three synonyms for "waive" listed in the Random House dictionary: "resign, renounce, surrender").

Then came the time to pick running mates. The cries of bossism redoubled, and militant Negroes such as Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm added the charge that Goldberg was a "racist." And so, when the hysteria subsided, Goldberg found himself running on a ticket composed of three liberal Democrats, all Jewish, from New York City; a Negro, also from New York City; and a half-Jewish Unitarian liberal ex-ghostwriter from Nebraska, whose greatest strength seems to be that he hasn't said a word in three weeks. The Grossinger convention ended with a wildly unbalanced slate and a gubernatorial candidate of abruptly shrunken stature. And down those Catskill glens, where once rolled the ghostly sound of falling ninepins, came echoing something which many swear sounded strangely like a Nelson Rockefeller horselaugh.

The Rockefeller gathering, held in Rochester a week later, was by contrast the nearly perfect model of a boss-controlled convention. Rocky was grinning, Happy was happy, and the only hint of any real trouble came over the designation of Charles Goodell as the Republican senatorial candidate. Most conservative Republicans refused to go along, and some, as late as last weekend, were considering a last-ditch effort to launch a primary fight. Nevertheless, Goodell will probably land Rocky some of those liberal votes his hawkish Vietnam stance seemed to deny him. And the rest of the ticket, unlike the Goldberg slate, is geographically and ethnically balanced. Rockefeller will not carry the City, since the Jewish bloc vote is still puissant, but he will hope to do well upstate, taking not only the regular Republican vote but also cutting into the Italian-Irish blue-collar vote, traditionally Democratic but unlikely to be attracted to the unbalanced Goldberg banner.

Until the Conservative Party picked its slate the outlines of the Goldberg-Rockefeller campaign strategies seemed clear enough. The Conservatives, adding strength each election year, appeared to be heading for their first Dunkirk. But then James Buckley and Paul Adams announced their candidacies and the political scene altered drastically.

Both men are formidable candidates. Adams, running for governor on the Conservative Party ticket in '66, polled over half-a-million votes, enough to beat out the Liberal candidate, Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. Buckley, completely unknown in '68, drew more than one million votes for the Senate—running against Jacob Javits, perhaps New York's single greatest vote-getter.

Buckley stands an exceptionally good chance. His potential opponents—Charles Goodell, Theodore Sorensen, Paul O'Dwyer, Morris Abram, Richard McCarthy—all are liberal and doveish. The only Republican among them, Charles Goodell, is only nominally a Republican, his record consistently anti-Administration. For all practical political purposes, Goodell is a liberal Democrat.

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Thus, ironically, although not allowed to contest for the Republican nomination, conservative Buckley runs as the only real Republican. Buckley has promised, if elected, to vote with the Republicans in organizing the Senate and to "work with the Administration and not against it."

The Conservatives, then, offer the only conservative and pro-Nixon candidate in the field, and Buckley's hopes ride largely on the ability of Republican regulars to realize this and act on it. And in addition to the Republican vote, the Conservative Party will be contesting with Nelson Rockefeller for those traditionally Democratic voters who won't be able to stomach the all-City, limousine-liberal Goldberg slate. Add these votes to the regular Conservative base, and you come up with a ticket that stands an excellent chance of putting the first Conservative Party candidate in history into the United States Senate.

The Memory Lingers On

So the Kennedy-Kopechne case is closed. One has to sympathize with Leslie Leland, foreman of the Dukes County grand jury, who felt it was the jury's duty to "come up with an answer for the public." He and his fellow jurors were all set to conduct an independent investigation of the events at Chappaquiddick when—*wham!* First there was the hour-long lecture from the presiding judge, enjoining them to absolute secrecy ("I don't mean for today, I mean forever") about their proceedings. Then there was that ruling (unusual, indeed unprecedented) by the State Supreme Court last fall, that the transcript of the coroner's inquest and the judge's report thereon must remain secret until all possibility of criminal prosecution has ended. Even if the inquest records were withheld, said some jurors, they were prepared to go ahead with their investigation. Four witnesses were called; then, after just two days, the jury suddenly disbanded without making presentment. One suspects that Massachusetts justice winked at the final Kennedy.

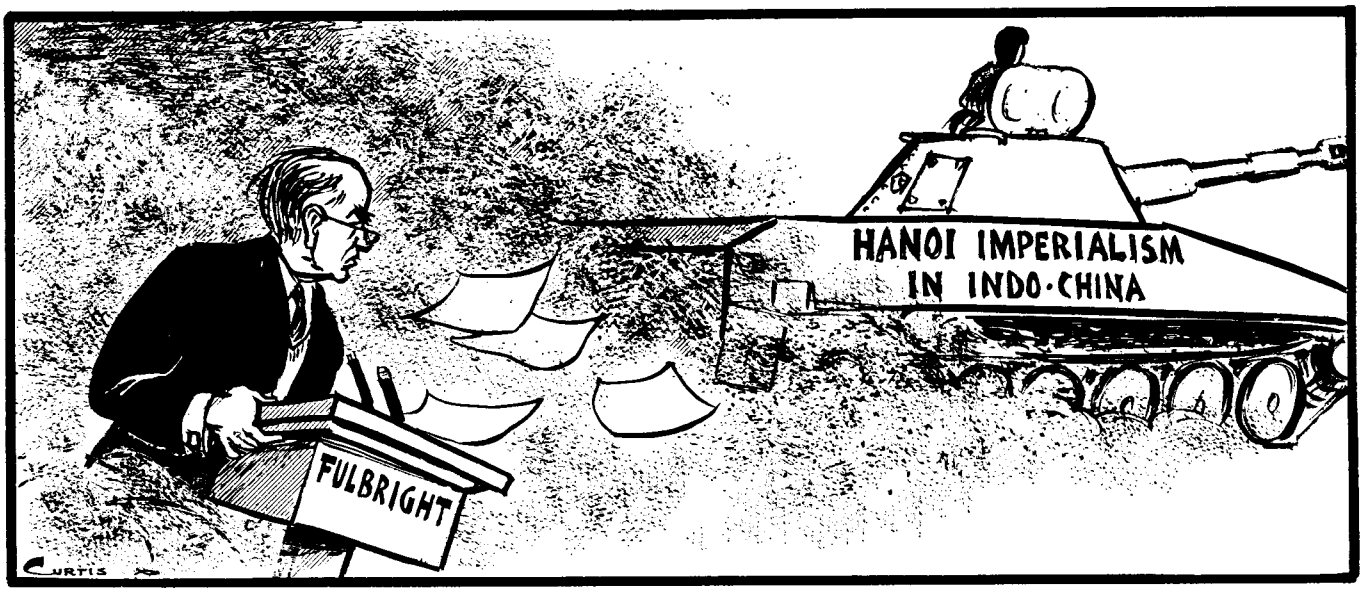
And yet suspicions of all kinds remain. No need to go over the still unanswered old ones—new ones keep popping up. There is the matter of the driver's license that Teddy was required to turn in after he pleaded guilty to "leaving the scene" of the fatal mishap: According to a reporter for the *Manchester* (N.H.) *Union Leader*, an official of the Registry of Motor Vehicles said Teddy's license "does not appear ever to have been immersed in water." The official denied ever having talked with the reporter. Telephone company records show that he had. And of course there is the unorthodox handling of the case by various Massachusetts judges.

Now that Mr. Leland and his jury are out of the way, perhaps the inquest records will be released to the public; perhaps they will throw some new light on the case. More likely, the truth will remain uncertain, and suspicion will thrive. The grassy knoll never had it so good.

Radicals: Ilse Koch Section

In his *Recollections* of the Revolution of 1848, Alexis de Tocqueville observes that as the political and social crisis approached, large numbers of unfamiliar but obviously demented individuals became prominent in the streets and cafés of Paris. There existed, Tocqueville implies, some deep connection between the approaching crisis and the appearance of madmen in public places. Were Tocqueville alive in the United States today he could make the same sort of observation, but he would see much more clearly just why this phenomenon occurs.

"On the night of October 27, 1967, in the wee hours of that darkness, guns blazed in the heart of Black Oakland,



"Darned plowshare!"

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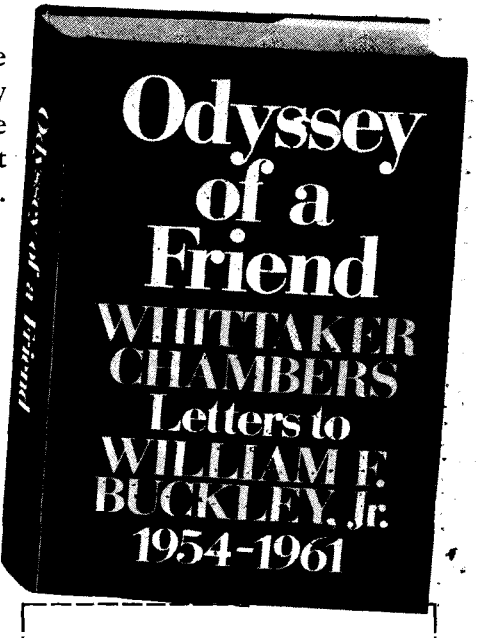
"Odyssey of a Friend" will make it plain to you — even if you have never read his unforgettable "Witness" — why Chambers is frequently listed among the greatest minds and most brilliant *writers* of the century. You will want to add this memorable book to your permanent library, to refer to and to quote from *often*. Read all about it.



You will be hard-put to find *anywhere*, today, a more moving book than "Odyssey of a Friend." To anyone 30 or over, it is a fascinating commentary on the life and times you yourself have seen and experienced: *living* history that brings back in vivid detail just how it all *seemed* when it happened, and — very often — how different it all looks now. Chambers had the knack of getting inside events, of making facts glow with the light of understanding.

If you are under 30, this may well be one of the most informative — and *formative* — books you will read. The depth and brilliance of Chambers' mind covered so many subjects, produced so many insights, explored such varied and unusual thought currents, that you will find yourself spellbound. How could one man absorb all this? How could he be so consistent yet never predictable? Illuminate so many ideas? Describe with such accuracy the inner workings of movements, epochs and even people who were often largely or even wholly unknown to him?

Why We Bet on You

For three issues, *National Review* devoted the lion's share of its article section to excerpts of "Odyssey of a Friend." Even so, we were able to bring you less than a quarter of the whole book.

The response to what we *did* publish has fully justified our own feeling that Chambers' letters would be the publishing sensation of the season (almost all the mass-circulation magazines and book reviews have, or soon will, review it: the *New York Times'* reviewer actually praised it!) We bet that, after getting a taste of what the book was like, a great many of our readers would be anxious to read the whole thing for themselves.

That is why we put in our order for copies *before* the book went to press,* and are now delighted to be able to send you a copy of this memorable book for just $1.95 postpaid along with your subscription or renewal to National Review.

"For me, and others who knew him, [Chambers'] voice has been and still is . . . magnificent in tone, speaking to our time from the center of sorrow, from the center of the earth."

— Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

What You Will Get

You may be sure it was a terribly difficult job to pick those parts we *did* publish; for every letter we got *in* we had to leave out others just as interesting, very often with additional facts or commentary on the same subjects. When you get the whole book you will of course have all the letters, and in proper order. The range of subjects covered is breath-taking (which is why the book is fully indexed: quite unusual for a book of letters), and it is possible to give only a brief outline of the complete contents here:

1) **How Chambers got to know** Wm. F. Buckley Jr. and how their friendship developed.

2) **Richard Nixon** as Chambers knew him — and the fascinating discussions about Nixon between Chambers and various people in and out of NR.

3) **More about** NATIONAL REVIEW — its history, its personalities and its early trials and successes — than you are ever likely to learn from any other source. (Aahem!)

4) **Alger Hiss:** the man, the Case, the whole (even to this day) unbelievable story (incidentally, so you will *not* be confused by the welter of events and personalities, Bill Buckley has included, as a "forward" to this volume, Ralph de Toledano's concise, factual account of the whole Hiss-Chambers controversy.)

5) **The many famous people** Chambers knew: Henry Luce, Arthur Koestler, Willi Schlamm, Hede Massing — and many more, known personally or not, whom he discusses here.

6) **The secret life** Chambers led after the Hiss case; his farm, his terrible sicknesses, his return to college(!), his European trip (Venice was his favorite), and much, much more!

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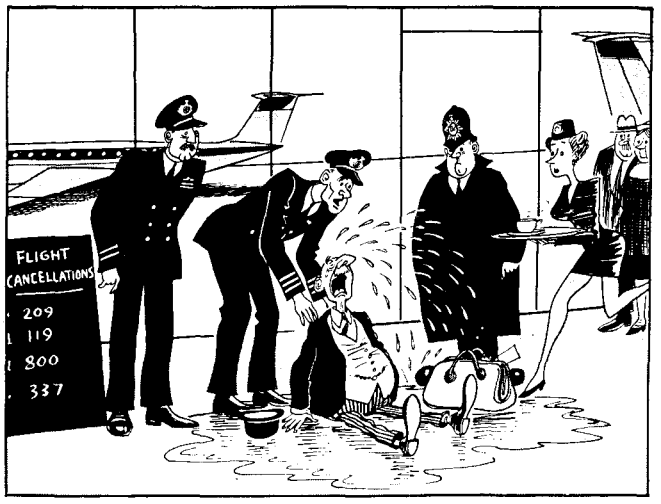

Franklin, *London Daily Mirror* Ben Roth Agency

"There, there. We'll get you to the Danish Sex Fair somehow."

on Seventh and Willow Streets. The quiet of the night was shattered by the minor thunder of the guns. Death stalking a circle around warring men, and the shadow of death was created by the blaze leaping from the barrel of a gun. A pig white lay dead, deep fried in the fat of his own b-------. Another pig white lay there, similar to the dead one in every respect except that he did not die." So writes Eldridge Cleaver, campus hero, lion of the paperbacks and of black studies courses.

"Dig it," cooed Bernardine Dohrn, speaking about the Sharon Tate murders. "First they killed those pigs, then they ate dinner in the same room with them, then they even shoved a fork into a victim's stomach! Wild!" Bernardine Dohrn is a leader of the SDS Weatherman faction. Susan Atkins, after holding Sharon Tate so that "Tex" could stab her to death, wonders whether she should slice open the corpse to save the unborn child: "I flashed [argot for "suddenly thought"], wow, there's a living being in there." Susan Atkins, at least so far, is non-political—an Aquarian Age Bonnie to Manson's spooky Clyde: but among Cleaver, Dohrn and the Manson "family" there exist stylistic and emotional continuities. Manson, for example, dreamed like Cleaver of a great race war; he desired to precipitate it by carrying out raids on the police using armed dune buggies, annihilating every pig from the Mojave to Los Angeles.

On West 11th Street in New York City, Diana Oughton, blue-blood, and Theodore Gold, Weatherman, blew themselves to bits in a secret bomb factory. The explosives were to be used to destroy Columbia University. Abbie Hoffman, whose *Woodstock Nation* is a great campus favorite, lo, even at Columbia, visited that campus and outlined its future: "BOOM, BOOM, BOOM." Enthusiastic applause.

In the April *Ramparts* there appears a guardedly sympathetic piece on Manson. The March *Esquire* devotes most of that issue to satanist cults in California and the point of view of the magazine toward these is highly ambiguous. The chic-Left *New York* Magazine, April issue, runs a sympathetic interview with a non-student who hangs around on the fringes of Columbia: "Marc" is deeply involved in the spreading bomb-culture, and predicts that during the coming summer New York will be paralyzed by the bombing of tunnels, bridges and subways.

The police and the FBI are hunting for Kathlyn Wilkerson, a Weatherman who is also the stepdaughter of the speaker of the New Hampshire state legislature. She had been in the 11th Street bomb factory.

In his new book *Do It!*, just published by Simon and Schuster, Jerry Rubin, a campus hero like Cleaver and Hoffman, and a wallposter presence in avant-garde circles, delivers to us his vision of the desirable American future: "Every high school and college in the country will close with riots and sabotage and cops will circle the campuses, standing shoulder to shoulder. The schools belong to the pigs. Millions of young people will surge into the streets of every city, dancing, singing, smoking pot, f------ in the streets, tripping, burning draft cards, stopping traffic. . . ."

Two unmistakable hallmarks of decadence are the inability to recognize blatant evil and a reluctance to call it by its name. As the evidence touched upon here suggests, evil has become a felt, nay a celebrated presence in American life. To be sure, one or more of these individuals may be mad in the clinical sense; but when you examine their words and their behavior it becomes clear that, mad or sane, they are moved by a common impulse. They do not mistakenly perceive the good as evil, and, acting on the mistaken perception, try to destroy the supposed evil. Bernardine Dohrn does not perceive sticking a fork into a murder victim's stomach as good; she perceives it precisely as evil, and as such affirms it. Eldridge Cleaver does not intend his statements about killing white pigs and frying them in b------- to be perceived as good; he intends them to be perceived as evil, because he knows that evil has its own kind of power—it frightens and menaces.

Even aesthetically there are give-aways. Hoffman and Rubin, all hair, coarse features and freaky clothes, do not expect to be perceived as beautiful; they expect to be perceived as ugly. The affirmation of ugliness, which they personally epitomize, is the aesthetic version of the moral affirmation of evil. Their rote obscenity is intended, exactly, as obscenity. Their language is the analogue not of the logos but of the anti-logos. They deliberately and icily intend a defacement of the idea of the human being as that idea has been affirmed not only in Western civilization but in all the higher civilizations.

No doubt there have existed in all places and at all times people who hate beauty merely because it is beautiful, who hate power merely because it is powerful, and who hate goodness merely because it is good: for they know that *they* are not good, or beautiful, or powerful. As Iago says of Cassio, "He has a daily beauty in his life,/ That makes me ugly." But any healthy society possesses both formal and informal ways of very strictly containing such perverted impulses.

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We, instead, have cynical publishing houses like Simon and Schuster, who have just published Rubin and celebrated him this way in their jacket blurb: "*Do It!* is to be danced to. Read aloud. Studied. Memorized. Burned. Swallowed. Eaten. But most important, after living through the experience of this book, take its final advice: Do It!" Would there be—mixed blessing!—a Simon and Schuster in a Rubin world? No doubt such publishers as Simon and Schuster would have outbid each other for the privilege of publishing *Mein Kampf*—in comparison with Rubin, a lucid and gentle work.

We also have cynical and cowardly faculties, like the one at Buffalo, where the operative committee has announced that it will tolerate a substantial degree of disruption and destruction of university property.

And we have cynical and deluded politicians like John Lindsay—a Weimar liberal if there ever was one—traveling out to Berkeley, even as bombs go off in his own city, and telling students that the Nixon Administration is an instrument of repression and a danger to freedom, and advising that very special student audience that *they*—Free Speech Movement, Che and Mao posters, People's Park, Vietnam Commencement, and all the rest of it—that *they* are the last best hope of free men. It is only too characteristic that Lindsay, when asked about the spread of bombing in New York, replied: "The use of explosives in order to tear down the system is self-defeating." A bit of tactical advice from the Coach? If the SDS were engaged, in the manner of Ilse Koch, in turning "pig" skins into lampshades, Lindsay no doubt would shake his head and observe that it was counter-productive.

If Tocqueville were writing his reflections on the current condition of American society he would certainly observe that madness and violence are spreading because they receive "respectable" sanction and support from institutions and men who are, precisely, responsible; and who must be called to account.

What To Do about Diplomat Snatching?

We wish we could answer our own question. After the killing of the German ambassador by the Guatemalan savages, one friend suggested: When the guerillas have seized someone and communicate their standard demand for release of a dozen or two of their jailed buddies, they should be told, "We will shoot those jailbirds in succession, one every fifteen minutes, until you release the hostage." The idea seemed appropriate and appealing, but someone raised a difficulty that was hard to fit into Anglo-Saxon legal heritage we want somehow to cling to. It does not automatically follow that all of the people the kidnapers name for springing are in collusion; some of them may know nothing of the plan, may even have no political or personal connection. Still, there is in this proposal a perhaps valid reminder in the concept that voluntary members of these terrorist political organizations are linked in a conspiracy for the aims and consequences of which they ought to be brought to book.

So far the diplomat operation has been limited to Latin America. That suggests the relevance and possibly the efficacy of joint action by all American governments, presumably through the Organization of American States. Suppose every American government declared it would not give asylum to any persons on a hostage-release deal? That might come close to making these operations meaningless. But there would still be Cuba, and theoretically the asylum could no doubt be out of the hemisphere.

Guards for all snatch-candidates? Probably security measures are already being taken for some of the most important, but there wouldn't be enough guards to go around, for after all, there are the wives and children too. A combined decision by diplomatic corps and governments that the demands would not be granted under any circumstance, even if it might mean death for the hostage? It is rumored that some diplomats, including a number of Americans in Latin America, think this the only solution. After a few test cases, the guerrillas would realize these operations were non-productive, and would call them off. But there would be a strong risk, even a probability, of several more killings before the point was made. It would seem that this hard solution could be morally acceptable only on a voluntary acceptance by all potential victims—not inconceivable, perhaps, in the most volatile nations, if wives, children and non-volunteers were evacuated and those on duty armed.

But there is more thinking to be done. Meanwhile, three cheers for our man in Porto Alegre, Consul Curtis C. Cutter, who smashed his car into his machine-gun-carrying would-be kidnapers and drove over one of them to escape with a bullet in his shoulder. And a note to our local guerrillas who will no doubt soon attempt an imitation of their Latin American comrades: If you can't resist trying your hand, why not start with Justice William O. Douglas, Senator J. William Fulbright or Mayor John V. Lindsay?

Let's Not Kid Ourselves

Who feels a thrill recalling when
  D'Estaing appeared off Sandy Hook?
Who cares what Rochambeau did then?
  Who marvels at the risks they took?
Does anyone remember yet
  The signal service of de Grasse?
Or how the touchy Lafayette
  Worked wonders on the Gallic brass?
If lapses such as this assault
  The memory of Uncle Sam,
Will Asiatic hordes exalt
  Our sacrifices in Vietnam?

W. H. VON DREELE

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Notes & Asides

Mr. Rilliam Busher
Dear Mr. Busher:

I think New York should pass a law (revise its constitution if necessary) to have you screen all potential candidates from the state (or not from it, as the case may be) on the Barry Farber Show. It would protect the state from great embarrassment and expense to have you weed out the Sorensens.

Sincerely,
Nichard Rixon
[per Garry Wills]

■ In re the letter from Tom McSloy published in our last issue, and the editors' reactions thereto—we have been deluged by comments from readers. They will all be acknowledged in due course. Meanwhile, a very small and extremely arbitrary selection:

I take issue with McSloy's statement that "there are a lot of issues that concern young people that *NR* could delve into." Certainly you could print an article on "The Significance of Janis Joplin," but you might equally write something esoteric such as "The Political Significance of the Prediction of Elementary Particles by the Eight-Fold Way in Physics."

Don't laugh. The following quotation is taken directly from an issue of *Scientific American* (February, 1964, Page 92): "If there is no need for an aristocracy among strongly interacting particles, may there not be democracy?"

The editors of *NR* are conservatives. This is their specialty, their province and their field, about which they write. It is for their views on conservatism, with its emphasis on today's political reality, that I read *NR*. Can you imagine my state of mind if, after revelling through a copy of *The Jeweler's Eye* and immediately sending in my subscription to *NR*, I should find that the first issue I received had the contents (though not the attitude) of *Psychology Today*?

Tom Cirgnin

Mr. McSloy can be easily satisfied by doing the following: 1) Make snotty remarks about men (instead of students) who live with girls to whom they are not married. 2) Make nasty, detailed and specific comments about Hayden, Davis and the student revolt (instead of general comments). 3) Refer to the Rolling Stones as the Rolling Refuse (instead of Scum). 4) Forget innuendo, make straightforward criticisms of the things young people like. 5) Let him send in a list of rock songs classified as to whether he finds them "groovy" or "ungroovy." 6) Come out for the legalization of marijuana but with the provision that all marijuana smokers must be drafted or made to beat bushes with Birchers and watch films of cats copulating for at least fifteen minutes a day. 7) Tell him that some cops do beat "kids" and "kids" do beat cops; advise him that the parties concerned should file assault and battery suits. 8) The hair problem really should be discussed at length. Perhaps you could have a panel discussion on it with participation by Yul Brynner, Mendel Rivers, Jackie Onassis, Rap Brown, Prince Phillip, and those two weirdos who are always lunging toward each other across an open field in hair-coloring commercials. 9) Gustily tromp the Nixon Administration for not appointing a black Jewish woman to the Supreme Court. Take Mr. Nixon to task for the salacious remarks he made to Madame Pompidou about her midi-dress with the slit up the front. If you do all the above things no one could ever accuse your magazine of being stuffy.

Keith McCoy
Lawrence, Kansas

As a charter subscriber and occasional supporter of NATIONAL REVIEW my pleasure in it has sometimes been dimmed by the underwhelming policy of erudition and culture at all costs, however leavened by a twinkle. It may be that McSloy's pitiful match was as much intended to light a bomb as to give *NR* a hotfoot, but was it really sporting to extinguish it with four fire hoses and a thunderstorm? He may have done you the favor of giving you chances to restate the purposes of your magazine.

S. W. Bradstreet
Dayton, Ohio

Being not "an old fart like the rest of them," but a bona fide member of, ugh, "the Pepsi Generation" (age: nineteen, college student, with immoderately long hair) and a subscriber to *NR*, I implore you to resist the temptation laid before you by Mr. McSloy to follow the lead of the other "groovy" magazines catering to the so-called "groovy people."

Peter Ehrmann
Wauwatosa, Wis.

I think what Mr. McSloy is asking, or at least what I am asking, is not that you come down to our level and tell us that what we are doing is right, but that you recognize the presence of the problem and that your answers to our questions reflect as much thought as we have put into creating them.

Chuck Arnold
Lexington, Va.

Hire McSloy!

J. Freeman
Atlanta, Ga.

—WFB

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CATO

NEEDED: THUNDER FROM THE RIGHT

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Those talking about national defense in Washington these days do not form what one would call a swelling chorus. The air is full of environmental pollution, as it were, and discussion of the nation's military posture centers more on specific cases than on general problems. There are two reasons for this.

The most unambiguous commitment of the Nixon Administration in general and of President Nixon in particular is to a sound defense system, capable of meeting present and potential threats. Few but the most pessimistic critics doubt this commitment. But because it is a given, it is little discussed. As each phase of the ABM system approaches a vote, it provokes a new general discussion of America's defense posture. On the whole, though, pundits and members of Congress ruminating on television interview shows and party speakers on the campus circuit are busy trying to psyche out the Administration's domestic policy—sometimes a formidable challenge indeed—and they leave the less controversial, less ambiguous defense policy to Secretary of Defense Laird and his allies on Capitol Hill.

Then, too, the Administration lacks much of a challenge from the Right on the defense issue. Talk of a "missile gap" could alert a worried public in 1960, but such talk is virtually unthinkable—especially from the Democrats—in 1970. If defense is ever an electoral issue, it is an issue because of cost. The Administration lacks the needed aid of a push from the Right for a fuller and more thoroughly thought-out defense system. It is only since 1966 or 1967 that such a push has been missing. Insofar as it exists today, it exists in a fragmented, low-profile form.

While the main thrust of American defense policy—as distinct from American foreign policy—remains sound, it does face an undeniable challenge on the peripheries. There is a "chipping away" at the edges of the American defense system that poses a more serious threat to it than could any challenge to its main physical and psychological components.

Over the years one of the sound and unremarkable aspects of U.S. defense policy has been the arming of friendly nations with stockpile items no longer useful to the American armed services. Recently this policy has come under considerable fire in the Senate and rather elementary examples of it have been ballyhooed in the press. The *New York Times*, for example, gave front-page coverage to a rather motley consignment of arms to Nationalist China, something which would hardly have seemed worth noticing even two years ago.

THE SPECIFIC case—that of supplying surplus arms to Taipei—is subject to the kind of analysis it might have gotten in, say, 1958. The arms with which the Chinese army fights, today, in 1970, are by virtually any standards antiquated. The most formidable gun on the island of Quemoy, according to U.S. Army sources, was built in 1941. And though the Chinese do a good job of keeping their equipment at the ready, much of it would simply not be up to combat with more modern arms rapidly being developed by Communist China.

Secretary of Defense Laird recently stated that Communist China is now capable of building its own version of the Soviet TU-16 bomber. The Secretary's statement reveals only the tip of the iceberg. Peking is in fact already building the bombers at the rate of two a month. The TU-16 is capable of delivering a nuclear weapon.

Why in view of the rapidly expanding military know-how on the Chinese mainland, should an American supply of equipment that is largely outmoded anyway be so controversial? Many of the weapons and vehicles supplied to Taipei in the last several years have been defective or disabled items salvaged from Vietnam and sent to Taiwan, rather than being left to rust in the jungle.

THE REAL problem with this specific peripheral area of the American defense system is that the under-arming of Free China makes that nation's potential independent capability (under the Vietnamization policy) as well as its usefulness as an ally questionable. The Administration is known to feel that the United States has a very real commitment to its friends. But the "chipping away" at the perimeters is becoming a real problem.

To face the question squarely, it is necessary to point out that the much celebrated "right to know" is often at conflict with the realities of national defense. The building up of false issues creates a stress on the defense system that it has not hitherto had to bear. And the fault is not so much with the press corps as with parts of the Democratic Party.

Since a certain receptivity to an anti-defense stance has been created by the New Left and underground press, there is an urge on the part of some Democrats to try to create an electoral issue of defense spending. It is by no means clear that any such effort can succeed in its larger ostensible intent of severely downgrading the U.S. military posture. But it does chip away. The Administration is gradually being brought into a position of having to respond.

This is a good thing. The large commitments of money and manpower to the defense of the nation exist for good reasons. Hearing from the President and from the Administration what these reasons are could do much to restore a sense of balance in the national psyche. It could also stop some of the chipping away which is now such a nuisance to an otherwise sound military policy. □

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JAMES BURNHAM

THE SECOND GENERATION

THE PROTRACTED CONFLICT

Since *NR*'s founding my periodic comments have appeared under the logo, "The Third World War." The change I now make relates to medium, not message. I'm afraid the old label had become a barrier, not a gate.

By choosing "The Third World War" as the name for a column of comment on current international (and internationally related) affairs, I sought to suggest to the reader two facts—or what, at any rate, I believe to be facts. First, the United States is engaged in a global struggle, with decisive victory or even more decisive defeat at stake. Second, *this* struggle, not some possible conflict that might start at some moment of the future, is our century's World War III. In my book, *The Struggle for the World*, published in 1947, I dated this struggle as having begun in the spring of 1944: that is, at the moment when the leaders of the Communist enterprise, seeing that the defeat of the Nazis was assured, altered their strategy to maximum exploitation of the victory at the expense of their temporary partners. The turn was conspicuously marked by the Communist-led revolt in the Greek navy at Alexandria, Tito's shift from anti-Nazi to almost entirely anti-Mikhailovitch operations, the public thrust given the Free Germany committees and the swing of the Communists' China policy to a hard anti-Chiang line.

The Lineup

After a World War I and a World War II, the idea that there might be, or would be, a third world war was of course familiar. But political leaders and historians, like generals, always prepare for the last war. It was assumed that World War III would be like the first two in having a definite beginning on a particular day, in extending over a definite, limited period of time, and in being distinguished from peacetime by the use of vast amounts of firepower. So reasoning, the military staffs of the U.S. and other Western nations planned and prepared—plan and prepare—for the D-day when World War III will begin, and the Western diplomats deploy their professional skills to try to prevent its coming to pass. Those efforts, necessary though they are, are beside the main point. In *their* sense, there may never be a D-day and a World War III. Nevertheless, there can come about the effective *result* of a World War III. We can be defeated as decisively by the kind of struggle that has been going on since 1944 as we would be through losing a clearly demarcated, big-bang World War III. Indeed, a more formal World War III might turn out to be only a popgun coup de grâce to finish off a dying Western organism.

The struggle has gone on, by now, for a full generation. As regularly as cuckoo clocks the statesmen and pundits announce "the end of the cold war" and the advent of an era of thaw, negotiation and convergence. But there has never been a single day without actual fighting, not to speak of the continuous non-shooting activity. And in the fighting it has never failed that our people and arms and money are on one side and the Communists—of whatever variety, Muscovite, Maoist, Troskyite, revisionist, Castroite, Marcusian—on the other. In the struggle, control over hundreds of millions of human beings and huge areas—the nations of East Europe, China, Tibet, Cuba, the Congo, Ghana, the Dominican Republic, Southeast Asia, Berlin, Bolivia, the Middle East—has been fought over. A month never goes by without the eruption into public notice of some person or incident of the ceaseless battle of the secret and semi-secret armies. There is never a day's letup in the economic, financial and propaganda flanks of the struggle.

Those who imagine that the Soviet Union—the most formidable unit of the non-Western world—has taken to the sidelines, to leave the active struggle to Maoists, local revolutionaries and national liberation fronts, should ask themselves *why*, then, Soviet artillery and aircraft appear in decisive numbers in Nigeria, why Moscow sinks nearly a billion dollars a year into Cuba, why all these years it has poured so many billions worth of arms and supplies into the Southeast Asian battle. We are told by our doves that Southeast Asia is of no concern to our national interest. What possible concern, then, could it be to Russia's? Or read the report of Edward H. Kolcum, European editor of that well informed magazine, *Aviation Week & Space Technology* (March 30 issue), on what his recent trip around the Mediterranean littoral showed him about Soviet Africa-Mideast strategy.

The Outcome

It was Mao Tse-tung who used and popularized the term, "protracted conflict" to designate this determining struggle of our epoch in its myriad dimensions; Professor Robert Strausz-Hupé (now ambassador to Ceylon) and his associates took it for the title of a discerning book. By dropping "The Third World War" I lose what I have thought to be a useful, two-edged rhetorical device. But the old logo doesn't seem to be communicating what I intend, and is too narrow. Some assume I am referring to that possible future war; many dismiss anything written under such a heading as obsolescent cold war stuff that went out with Stalin. "Protracted conflict" has become familiar and "accepted"—too easily accepted, perhaps. Even doves will grant that some sort of "protracted conflict" seems to be taking place, though they are not likely to go along with the way Whittaker Chambers defined it: "For in this century, within the next decades, will be decided for generations whether all mankind is to become Communist, whether the whole world is to become free, or whether, in the struggle, civilization as we know it is to be completely destroyed or completely changed." □

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TEACHING THE HARD WAY

Two highly motivated young people meet in teachers' college, digest their lessons and are sent to a ghetto school where they find that nothing they learned is useful or relevant. This is their graphic description of what it is like

Ghetto Schools Are Different

B. E. PATRICK

ONCE UPON A TIME, a man and a woman met in Special Methods II—a compulsory course required for certification in secondary education. Naïve, inexperienced, yet dedicated to the propositions that all children will listen to their teachers, and all teachers in turn should listen to their administrators (who always know best), and administrators in turn will follow without question the dictates of the Board of Education—that repository of all knowledge and the fount from which all blessings flow. . . .

Invaluable material was presented to the eager twosome. They learned and were tested on threading the film projector and switching on the phonograph —they were told how to maintain class interest in the event that the exciter lamp failed or the sprocket wheels jammed. With docility and determination they studied the overhead slide and opaque projectors; the speed reading machine; the stop watch; the tape recorder etc. Little did they know that on the teaching battleground all hardware is kept out of sight and reach of the enemy (students) who will either destroy or render useless this equipment of the troops. Nor did they know how many ceremonial unlockings of the AV (audio-visual) rooms and viewings of unused, untouched equipment they would attend; for as the leaves fell, this autumnal rite was strictly observed throughout their teaching years.

The equipment aside, the methodology of class control was equally valuable. They were taught that they should love their students "in loco parentis." Platitudes poured forth:

Students will learn because they want to learn.

If the student hasn't learned, the teacher hasn't taught.

There's no such thing as a bad child.

Classroom control is a thing of the mind.

A teacher has no idea of his influence.

Self-motivation is the best motivation.

Understand yourself and you'll understand your student.

Is that child's attitude his fault or your fault?

Teachers teach children, not subjects.

Without motivation, learning is incidental.

Never ask a student to read orally what he has never seen before.

Did you ever stop to consider it's your fault?

The teachable moment occurs when the student is freed from fear.

And so, obviously well-prepared, our hero and heroine were graduated as Bachelors from the University and assigned, ironically enough, to the same school in a ghetto of a large industrial city. The fairy tale is ended, and they didn't live happily ever after. They soon learned that practically all they had studied doesn't apply in the ghetto.

What doesn't? Just about anything that middle-class society *thinks* does: standards of education, attitudes concerning material objects, moral structure, emotional control, motivation, family structure.

The progress of middle-class education in the ghetto is doomed. It is not relevant. Specifically, middle-class English is a second, not primary, language in the ghetto. Drill, conversation, vocabulary study and the other elements of the language arts are limited to the classroom, period. There is little or no reinforcement at home, on the corner, in the poolhall, or on the street. How could there be? The ghetto has its own dialect, its own vocabulary. There is also little interest in social history courses; the growth and development of middle-class America is a reality with which they will not or cannot identify. The story of middle-class America is not dramatically *their* story. The drama of the present social change enveloping the ghetto is their story. While mathematics and science are relevant, there is no motivation to learn. There is no immediate reward for learning—no clothes, no food, no prize of any sort. Learning for the sake of learning is unknown and holds no value for the ghetto child.

What does? Material objects for one. The new alligator shoes, the diamond ring, the custom-made suit or dress—anything new, everything new. Only what can be seen has a value. The ghetto attitudes are basically self-accommodating. Law and order in the ghetto will be maintained as long as it does not interfere with needs or wants.

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When it does, the law does not apply. See something you want, take it; see something you need, take it. Respect for property—forget it. New meanings are applied to middle-class words. To lend is to give; to borrow is to keep. "Lend me a nickel, lend me a dime," *really* means that nickel or that dime is now mine. Stealing carries no stigma. Just don't get caught. Where the middle class has its virtues, honesty and loyalty; the ghetto has virtues, in juxtaposition. Clever lying is often necessary for survival. Loyalty to another exists only so long as it does not become a threat or an inconvenience. Twisted virtues these may be, at least to the middle class; nevertheless, they are there. And there is the moral structure of the ghetto, which flows from the natural order of things.

Comedy Relief

What could be more natural than sex? In the ghetto, pimping and prostitution are accepted as a natural way of life and livelihood. In fact, a pimp is admired as a well-dressed, financially successful brother—someone who made it. A man to emulate. Similarly, a prostitute is not shunned, is often financially comfortable, and serves as a model for ambitious young girls. Because of the compactness and close quarters of the ghetto, there is little attempt and *less* success at concealing the natural aspects of life. In the explosive atmosphere of this pressed society, emotions run rampant; violence is ever-present and frustrations are at fever pitch. The reaction to pressure is violent; the level of tolerance is low. Pressuring a child to achieve can be explosive. Imagined slights or indignities trigger emotional rage. Physical injury is done for the most inane reasons. Belligerence becomes a way of passing the time. Fires are started as a display of stored hatred. The slightest negative can start the upheaval. In contrast, the not-so-hard-pressed middle class does not react so violently to pressure. The leveled emotionalism of the middle class promotes a plodding toward reachable goals. The frantic pace of the ghetto permits no such luxury. In fact, only *immediate* goals and immediate results are tolerated. The "what's in it for me" attitude prevails. The drive toward long-term educational, social and financial goals is difficult to sustain in the dissipating climate of the ghetto.

Likewise, the family structure is difficult to maintain. The ghetto father has, for the last few generations, been cast as a vagabond. Many factors contribute to his impermanence in the household. Jobs are not easy to come by in the ghetto, especially if the man is unskilled or untrained. The family ultimately fares better financially through welfare when he leaves. With so little reinforcement in his attempts to provide for the household, a long-term sense of responsibility is seldom established in the ghetto male. In light of these circumstances, the ghetto mother usurps the father role and a matriarchal society results.

Caught up in all this emotion and instability, and searching for a channel of expression, the ghetto has made an undeniable contribution in its music—*soul*. What is soul? Soul is spirit, longing, searching, hoping, loving—the basic beat of life itself, rhythm. As the ghetto experience becomes more frustrating, more intolerable, the best of soul thumps out stronger and stronger. . . . And Lawrence Welk does not apply.

Amidst this frustration, the school provides comedy relief from intolerable home and life situations. The students learn early how best to turn the school scene to what they think is their advantage. Most are capable of creating only bedlam; all things emotional prevail. The atmosphere is so mentally scattering and exhausting that any problem or subject that requires concentration is too difficult. Thinking is, after all, hard work. Their substitute for application to academic goals is a witty frivolity, for there is humor in the ghetto as well as sordidness.

II

The following vignette (subtitled "This Is Our Life") is true in all its basic principles and components. The style is intended, not accidental. We used the humor and vernacular of the ghetto so that you might more clearly understand THE WAY IT IS. Perhaps the following typical situations will help you become aware of why we say "it doesn't apply in the ghetto," and if you find this hard to believe; so did we and *we were there.*

The ghetto child is fun-oriented. The school is used primarily as a meeting place where acquaintances gather, new friendships develop, old ties are rebound, and secondarily (if at all possible) as an education center. The halls are locations where vices are engaged in freely (dope pushing and ingesting, gambling). Orders are placed for supplies (bush, goof balls, dolls) which are not currently inventoried. The kiddies, so pretty, so sweet, so darling, make plans for the evening's festivities: rolling drunks, stealing purses from little old ladies, robbing state stores, designing blueprints for robberies in the mechanical drawing class, and girls glamorizing themselves for their evenings on the block (combing their hair, fixing their nails). And as they look forward to new experiences, they gleefully recount fond memories of old—"Do you remember the night. . . ?" Juice (beer and wine) is poured during the five-minute class break as the locker (bar) doors swing wide and the kiddies fortify themselves for Miss Fitt's class. The lockers are veritable warehouses, too, for contraband and what is not on hand will go on the supply requisitions of these enterprising young Americans, e.g., Pinky's Auto Parts, Cassie's TVs (all makes), Lundo's Stereos, Bob's Boutique—it's all for fun and profit.

The bell sounds, signaling a new kind of fun and profit. Why it's teacher torture time, what else! Let's give a rousing jeer, for our new teacher's here. Enter the faculty—each to his appointed room, each with his "student-given" name. Miss Take, math instructor; Miss Nomer, English teacher; Mr. O. God (at least that's what everyone says as he walks by), art teacher; Mrs. M. Nature ("M" is for mother), of the science department; Mr. Wino, activities director; Miss Construe, team leader of the Business Education Dept.; Mr. Phyllis, the botanist (he always plants his hothouse class outside the building for the September sowings and refers to his students as animated vegetables); Voodoo Velma, constantly stirring something up in the Biology Lab. Miss Alliance, social studies and sex education; Miss Appropriate, clothing teacher; Miss Shapen, physical education; Miss Trust, school treasurer; Miss Conceive, school nurse; Miss Conception, librarian (always worried about how things are stacked); T. H. E. Sinn, senior counselor; Mr. Alpha and Miss Omega, the beginning and the end of the language department; and the most loved one, the man they call "Mother" who only this past summer suffered a sex identity crisis, referred to as he so

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often was by this affectionate term.

If the ghetto profits one little else it does sophisticate the ability to size up accurately almost anyone.

A Day in the Life . . .

The game begins. School's a drag, but the pins are set up; who will roll the first fun ball? Which "dude" will be knocked down on first try? How many will they get rid of, or transferred by the semester's end? As the "instructor" enters the classroom, he immediately spies the "helpful hints" written on the chalkboard, bulletin board, walls and desks, suggesting what he can do to himself and with his colleagues. The mini-scholars observe with glee any facial or verbal reaction of the novice teacher. Miss Fitt whips out her home-room enrollment cards (armed as she is with Education courses 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 14). The students, experienced in handling novice teachers, quickly exchange identities, answer to names other than their own, frolic about Miss Fitt while she painfully attempts (yet undaunted) to match face and name and take roll: Anna Banana, Freddie Machete, Jamima Blackwell, Rise and Shine for Jesus Jones, William Uhrine, Candy Barr, Abraham Lincoln Brown, Twanda Twigg, Sally Offil, Lotta Funn. Too late—the gong summons all to the principal's first assembly. All rooms must evacuate and report to the assembly hall. The principal bellows his instructions through the PA system for all teachers to assume their posts in the auditorium at this sublime occasion—the welcoming assembly. Unassigned teachers and hall guards scurry from the faculty room (called the kennel by the students) and, ready or not, we assemble.

Our leader, the second-in-command, Vice Principal A. Waste, bounds onto the stage grinning in greeting as he bids the assembled students and faculty to rise and salute the flag. (Unbeknownst to the VP the flag is still locked in the third level underground basement vault —put away in June for safe-keeping, and probably for all eternity, by the custodian, who was reassigned to another school.) Placing his hand upon his heart, and casting his eyes in the direction where the flag stood in June, he becomes immediately aware—makes a lightning-fast intellectual decision and carries on. Saluting the organ, he begins to speak the words of allegiance while the unruffled student body make decisions of their own as to what to salute. Some turn to the water fountain; some face the balcony; some pledge the students in front of them; others, the ones behind. Our Principal, Dr. U. R. Wrong, salutes the VP.

After this fiasco has been perpetrated, the VP presents the commander in chief to the student body amid resounding boos, hisses, stomping, jeers and catcalls. Oblivious to the student evaluation, he presents his state of the school address and pleads for a safe and sane school year. At a crucial point in Dr. Wrong's address (too many spoons turned up last year in the garbage cans labeled "S" for straws), an apple core catapults into his breast pocket from the assemblage above and signals the start of the vegetable and paper barrage. Sheer pandemonium prevails as the teachers hysterically leap across the aisles in a vain attempt to support Dr. Wrong's image while he pauses to consider whether he has lost control. But mercifully, no further thought is necessary. The fire alarm sounds; smoke seeps into the auditorium; the intense heat begins to warp the paint on the organ pipes. The principal orders his faculty to remain at their posts and keep the students in their seats. "It's just a false alarm," he says. But the students, obviously aware of the fire (why not? They started it that morning in the waste paper baskets of the first floor lavatories and wood shop), are not so easily intimidated as the faculty by Dr. Wrong's orders and bolt for the teacher-manned exits and, without hesitation, roar through. Following the *Posted Fire Instructions* to move as far away from the school as possible, the students decide to go home; and the school is dismissed in a blaze of glory.

As they run home, they are already planning their nocturnal escapades. Tenement time is not far off and soon they'll man their stations for purse snatching, distribution of stolen goods, scagg pushing and supplying, and other assorted kiddie activities. After all they've got to earn some bread for the upcoming fun and games—the parties with the food, dancing and sex. Let it all hang out—and *It Do*! It doesn't take long for the gig to reach full swing. All the coolies are there. They stomp it out. Juice flows freely in this bacchanal debauche as they lap in the grub. Guests are greeted by their street names:

Hello, Sewer Mouth.

Glad to see you, Chicken Legs.

Hey man, what's your name?

Shank!

Shud up ya nasty-minded buzzard.

Lay some skin on me, Roach Eyes.

What for? Your feet don't fit no limb.

Killer Williams—crazy man.

Everybody know he ain't wrapped too tight.

Crocodile Knees, what happening?

Breathe out, Alligator Breath's here.

Stay loose, Lizard.

Baby Juice and Retardo—they got sent up and didju hear, the Bulls put Big Nose on the range.

Big deal. I'm hep.

Familiarity breeds conception, and it's all carried on. →

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While the gig goes on, those uninvited to this particular blast tighten up and make the street scene: semicircles of crap games where the stakes are high and the tensions higher; casual cruisings and rhythmic swayings of accommodating ladies; stealthy meetings in darkened crevices of addict and pusher—these are the normal experiences in the nocturnal potpourri of the ghetto where indiscriminate muggings take place just for fun. The bright lights of the downtown stores attract and excite the roz (thieves) as they swarm to shop . . . lift. Small articles and easily concealable items receive the five-finger discount. More complicated articles are cased for later pickup. Nearby residences tempt the young hoods to exercise their skills. No matter what ability (sensitive fingers for combination locks, breaking and entering, wire splicing) is needed for a job, someone has it. The atmosphere is festive as bombs are loaded with the evening's haul. Then quietly, wheels are turned toward the ghetto's protective cover where anything can be fenced at any time for a price. Once returned to the ghetto, the swift, smooth gait of the young criminal carries the items to their receivers. With precision timing, the exchange takes place and the money passes. The drama does not go unnoticed. Many eyes observe the scene and absorb the action, but it's shut up or beat up and everyone knows it. The revolving red spotlight of the bubble gum machine sirens its way into the scene—the silhouettes scatter and disintegrate. "Here come de fuzz." That ends the fun; back to the cribs (homes). And over this charged atmosphere, the dawn explodes.

Fred E. Jones—absent; Ruthie Louise Shaffer—absent; Vincenzo Romano—absent; Norma Miller—absent; Lois Jackson—absent; Chuckie Greco—absent. Six absent from a class of thirty—not unusual nor is the story behind each one's tragedy. Their names are, of course, fictitious; but the incidents are factual.

Last night was hot and humid for a late September evening; moreover, the preceding summer had sizzled with unvented emotions and irrational hatreds. The playground was crowded; the semicircle of the crap game was "where it was at." Richard and Fred—friends at the start—permanently ended their friendship at 9:17 P.M. Richard welched on a dollar bet; Freddie snapped out . . . Fred E. Jones is now at the county jail—only eighteen years old—held on a murder charge. Richard died of a stab wound in the heart.

Ruthie Louise Shaffer will be absent for the next three weeks. She was taken to the emergency ward of the hospital severely beaten. New to the block, she cruised unarmed and chose badly. She'll ply her trade more cautiously and successfully the next time. And there will be a next time. Vincenzo Romano was found in a darkened crevice not far from the Soul Shop (the school). He never learned his lessons in school or out. The death certificate read "O.D."

Norma Miller, the class braggart, always claimed that she could steal anything not nailed down. Yesterday afternoon, she got nailed. The store detective somehow would not accept the explanation for the transistor radio's falling from her blouse. She'll have plenty of time to think up a better one while incarcerated in Juvenile Home.

Lois Jackson—things got too much for Lois Jackson; her father gone; her mother overworked; her problems overwhelming; her strength too little; her sensitivities too many. She swallowed almost a hundred sleeping pills; her sister mercifully, or unmercifully, found her in time. Her psychological problems may be treated now.

Chuckie Greco—always had a big mouth—last night the boys got to him for ratting to the principal. They mugged him and rolled him. He won't be doing much talking with twenty stitches in his mouth.

Grotesque as it may seem, bizarre as it may seem, odd as it may seem, tragic as it may seem; the ghetto child is not necessarily doomed to an implacable fate. For there is a way out. There is an escape hatch. If he can survive and withstand all these distractions and temptations, then he can withstand and overcome any obstacle; and he will achieve what he wants.

There are many plus factors: Wits are razor sharp. Some of our finest humorists have come from the ghetto. The ghetto children are analytically observant. They note and store for future use every detail, idiosyncracy and mannerism of the people with whom they come in contact. Nothing escapes them. And being subjected to all the basics of life and having never been sheltered, they become sophisticates—hardened to the incidental; their insight is keen—they are not easily taken in or impressed. They are honest inasmuch as they "tell it like it is" and THE WAY IT IS. Some are possessed with a tremendous drive to escape, and some do when the will, the ability and the breaks work together for them. For there is an aristocracy of the mind and spirit that equates the ghetto talent with the pure intellectuals of society. There is a certain nobility binding together seekers of truth. The fittest survive. □

"Larrison, you're the first man in the organization who has ever had the guts to tell me off. I could use a man with your gumption down in the mail room."

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LETTER FROM QUITO

Peace Corpsman into Organization Man

JOHN ROTHCHILD

QUITO, ECUADOR. Peace Corps volunteers still trek to the far edges of the New Frontier, but now they come heavily armed. Their weaponry is the accumulated psychic sediment of eight years of existence. They are supported by voluminous reports and surveys that can tell them what to look for, what to hope for and what to avoid. They are given specific jobs already mapped out before they arrive, and are thus saved from the frustration of trying to create a job out of some lonely nights in the mountains. They cannot, without clashing with their superiors, decide that the best development job is no job at all, something that old volunteers decided frequently and freely. The hard questions about the value of development have already been answered for them by their programming officers. Their job is to do it.

All this does not mean that new volunteers cannot be pioneers. But the task will be more difficult. The Peace Corps has become a safe place for the technicians, specialists and families that Joseph Blatchford, new Peace Corps Director, plans to recruit. These new volunteers will have to make the same cultural adjustments as the old ones did. Their jobs, however, are supposed to be reminiscent of work back home. They will be backstopped, staffed, projected, funded, integrated with local agencies and well-structured. That is the goal toward which the Peace Corps is steadily working.

In the beginning, volunteers were in the same condition as those people they were supposed to help. They were ignorant of the mechanics of the villages where they were sent (often having chosen their sites by pointing a finger at a map); their efforts at development were more often bumbling stabs at some symbolic project like a soccer field or latrine than reasoned contributions to long-term change. Volunteers had neither the means, the knowledge, the funds nor the presumption to try anything that would classify as important in combating the growing poverty, illiteracy and ignorance. Like the world's poor, volunteers were caught between vague hopes of doing something grand and the growing dark realization that nothing grand was possible.

Volunteers, like most of the marginal people of the Third World, had been left alone to do what they liked, partly because the Peace Corps had faith in the ultimate value of volunteer effort, and partly because very few people in the United States had any idea how to begin planning grass-roots development programs in foreign countries. The Peace Corps was a bureaucratic attempt at participatory democracy.

The organization was seen as ambivalent by volunteers. On the positive side, it permitted them freedom. In a world where the individual had largely been supplanted by committees, and everything from love to agriculture was done in groups, the return to a handmade culture was a rare chance to get away and do your thing, not just help do somebody else's. Although the organization advertised itself as an opportunity for young Americans to get involved in the world's problems, for many of its early members it was just the opposite—a chance to escape for two years into a personally meaningful culture. Poverty may have been a duty but, in some ways, it was also a privilege.

On the other side was the tremendous pressure to solve problems that go beyond an individual's capacity. Although volunteers were just medics of capitalism, field workers who could bring economic cripples back into the Melting Pot, and not social architects replanning the whole system, the pressure was on them to do major surgery. There were too many wounded. Even ten thousand volunteers in the field could not make a significant contribution to stopping the population boom, solving the hunger crisis, or alleviating the health problem. The system was having a hard time soaking up all the marginal people.

The urgency of world problems brought volunteers out of the world of individual effort and non-programmed freedom. They began asking the bureaucrats to provide more help in looking for something better than chicken coops and soccer fields. The bureaucrats in turn were pestered from two sources, the U.S. Congress, which wanted more development for its $100 million a year, and the host countries, which were tired of seeing volunteers "not doing anything." Some countries, like Tanzania and Malawi, have already kicked the Peace Corps out, and there are significant moves in other places, like Chile, to do the same. Friendship had not been a very effective development tool. The volunteers now are asked to be less free and more important.

The Peace Corps has responded to these pressures in a traditional manner: Its organization has not developed the world, so Peace Corpsmen will develop the organization. Volunteers will no longer just bumble around the mountains. Their jobs will be programmed as part of a large-scale country plan. More of them will work in teams oriented toward a specific job, like well-drilling, rather than toward a single village or community. A greater attempt will be made to plug into host country development organizations, rather than working independently of them. More connections will be made with other development arms, such as AID and privately funded organizations, to provide a larger economic base and technical integration of long-range projects. Multilateral projects with recognizable results—such as bridges and roads—will be undertaken by the Peace Corps. Volunteers will have been reduced from merely wheels to cogs.

IN THE NEW, developed Peace Corps world, memorandums will probably have more impact than mannerisms. The volunteer's success or failure will no longer depend on his judgment of it, and his goal will be to reach far more people than he can know. The Peace Corps, in fact, while increasing the percentage of high-impact projects, will

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reduce the number of volunteers in the field, an indication that the volunteer per se is no longer thought to be the sole cause of development. Once an idea, the Peace Corps has become an organization, and its volunteers are rapidly becoming employees.

Whether this change, the development of the Peace Corps, will help it effectively develop the world, is a moot question. Some volunteers fear that programs designed in offices never mesh with the mechanics of the society they are supposed to help. They see volunteers too worried about output and pleasing the staff to have time to worry about the effect of their input on the community, too inflamed with the passion for change to evaluate coolly its wisdom or necessity.

Whatever the effect on the world, the new volunteer, like the undeveloped man, is caught in the vise of development, which involves him in the consequences of large decisions but does not include him in the making of them. The repercussions of this policy change have begun to be felt this year as volunteers in diverse places are attacking their organization more publicly, strongly and systematically than ever before.

Until 1969, only one case of a volunteer publicly criticizing the policies of the U.S. Government and the Peace Corps had gotten widespread mention. Bruce Murray, who was terminated as a volunteer in Chile in 1967 for publishing his defense of volunteer right of free expression in a local Chilean newspaper, created a public stir by filing a suit against the U.S. Government, which is still in litigation in a federal district court in Rhode Island. When the Bruce Murray story was brought before the Peace Corps budget hearings in the Senate on June 3, 1969, Senator J. William Fulbright, who often thrives on such issues, said he didn't think that one protest out of forty thousand volunteers who had served in the field was too bad a record.

Lately, the record has suffered. A volunteer in Bolivia was terminated for publishing an interview with the U.S. ambassador to that country in a Peace Corps house organ in Bolivia, quoting the ambassador as saying he was unaware of CIA activities in Bolivia. Later, the Peace Corps director of that country was removed by the ambassador for defending a group of volunteers who marched silently to the U.S. Embassy on the October 15 Moratorium Day.

In Micronesia, volunteers and some staff members have protested American use of some islands as bomb test sites. In several countries, volunteers demonstrated their opposition to the Vietnam war on October 15 by publishing advertisements in local papers or marching in silent vigils. A sign on the bulletin board in the Quito, Ecuador Peace Corps office reflects the new mood. It is a Peace Corps advertisement showing a thatched hut and a few poor people in front of it. "If you told these people that the Peace Corps was just another hypocritical extension of the military-industrial complex, they would say that you were crazy. And you would be." Underneath was written "Would I be?"

THE NEW, developed Peace Corps is like the college campus. It contains a number of technical people, who will probably not look beyond their specific tasks, and a vocal minority, confronting another part of the Establishment, albeit one of the most pleasing parts. The vocal volunteers are challenging the Peace Corps designation of itself as "apolitical," charging that it is part of the same structure that provides military funds for dictatorships, kicks innocent Micronesians off their islands, and draws exorbitant profits out of the undeveloped world. These charges are not new, but Peace Corps volunteers, always an active and liberal group, had desisted from making them while serving as volunteers. That tacit ban is being broken more and more often.

This change can be attributed in great measure to the new role of the volunteer. Individual efforts must be submitted to the program, whose rationale, direction and future go far beyond the individual. A person qua person cannot on his own have a significant role in great changes. The world crisis is too grave for that.

Volunteers, then, are back on campus. Their organization is telling them to think big, about exploding problems and across-the-board solutions, and to submit themselves to the discipline of the organization to provide these solutions. The Big Picture, which volunteers once escaped from, is again in focus, and volunteers are as much viewers as they are actors.

Being in the Big Picture, instead of just in a small village, has had its repercussions in volunteer reaction. It has made them want to do exactly what the Peace Corps is telling them they should do—have a role beyond their direct sphere of existence. Why help one cripple of capitalism when thousands are dying in Vietnam? Why help a few Peruvian fishermen when U.S. business is taking a large share of their profits? Why help a peasant demand his land rights when he will be put down by an army supported by U.S. weapons? Why nurse the wounded in the Dominican Republic invasion when you could fight for the withdrawal of the Marines who inflicted many of those wounds?

These and their like are the questions being asked by the vocal opposition in the Peace Corps. They are ultimately futile expressions, and even the volunteers who pose them feel powerless to see them answered in a way that could satisfy their opposition. But in a world that cries for immediate solutions, these expressions are not unlike those made by the Peace Corps itself. Once able to act as individual citizens, volunteers are taking the grander posture of important change agents. Once able to build a school or a latrine, they are looking for radical changes to solve immense problems. The System has become a System even to them, and they either work within its larger structure or lash out at that structure. In both cases, they are essentially powerless. To become significant, the Peace Corps has sacrificed the significance of the volunteers. In trying to make a greater contribution to humanity, it has become less than completely human. In working for a more democratic and freer world, it has become less democratic and free toward itself. Its volunteers will not breathe that pure frontier air again. □

Springtime in New York

Sooty snowdrops; grimy crocus;
Aching eyeballs out of focus;
Steamy effluence in sewers;
Furtive filthy-picture viewers;
Daddies fuming to be ferried;
Bodies begging to be buried;
Wheezing emphysema cases;
Screaming sirens; frightened faces.
All the while the winds deliver
Greetings, from across the river.

W. H. VON DREELE

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EVENHANDEDNESS?

*A ringing defense of the proposition that if **anything** the U.S. has favored the Arabs over the Israelis in a Middle East where, Mr. Geltman maintains, Israel has been and is our best, possibly our only, friend*

The Case for the Primacy of Israel

MAX GELTMAN

THE MIDDLE EAST floats on oil, is mired in blood and threatens to be swallowed up in semantics. Take the word "geopolitics" for instance. It is often employed to explain subtleties peculiar to the area—its geography, demography, politics, peoples and places, its natural resources and, especially, its oil. Sometimes it is deployed to avoid the responsibility of spelling out exactly what one means. Nevertheless, it is a convenient term. But one thing that can be agreed upon is that—however used—it precludes moral considerations in international relations. It is my contention, however, that where the moral suasion is lacking, the geopolitical factors will be found wanting and the "national interest" thwarted.

But before we go into the matter of "national interests" and "vital stakes" and the geopolitical carapace that often embraces this terminology, it is best to try to defoliate a couple of myths surrounding our general Middle East policy. Most notable the notion that the United States needs to make some redress for its "one-sided" support of Israel, necessitating a more "even-handed" approach in order to strike some balance of support in the area.

Granted that myth-making is part of the human condition, hence difficult to uproot, still it is hard to understand how the particular myth of America's "one-sidedness" toward Israel ever took root. One reason that suggests itself is the fact that a term so seemingly devoid of misunderstanding—unlike such Big Berthas as "ge-o-pol-i-ti-cal," or phrases shrouded in abstractions like "the national interest"—is easily accepted for what it says. To be "one-sided" is to favor one side against the other. Easy. Now it is not to be expected that your ordinary citizen is going to look behind so simple a word for hidden meanings. After all, there are some things he must take on faith. So when he is told that America has had a "one-sided" policy toward Israel he is ready to accept it without argument.

One-Sidedness

Now how does one go about determining whether our nation is favorably disposed to another nation? Aside from such things as mutual assistance pacts, treaties and the like, it is possible to add up all the loans and grants extended to a friendly power and compare them with that allotted to less friendly nations—in a particular area—over a given period of time. In the case of Israel, we find that she has received net loans and grants during the last twenty years totaling less than $800 million. As against this, eleven Arab nations (Algeria, Egypt, Jordan, Kuwait, Libya, Morocco, Saudi Arabia, Sudan, Syria, Tunisia, Yemen) have been the recipients of our largesse in the amount of some $4 billion! And, of this huge sum, Egypt received almost a billion dollars while Jordan alone received more—per capita—than did Israel.

Further, Israel has not received a dime's worth of military aid from the United States during the last five years (aside from what she has been able to purchase at the prevailing prices for Phantoms, Skyhawks and tanks) and this "aid" has been doled out on a fixed ratio that says: The balance of firepower in the Middle East must never permit Israel to be more than one-fourth as well armed as all its enemies combined. But—in the same period a half-dozen belligerent Arab nations have received over $30 million in military aid for free, as a gift of the American taxpayer. Thus Israel is penalized for her competence, her valor, her self-reliance, her determination never to call on others to "Israelize" her wars which, since 1948, have been imposed on her by her "disadvantaged" neighbors. Yet, in face of the facts, it is still felt that *somehow* we must be leaning over sideways to help the Israelis as against the "traditionally friendly" Arab states, another myth not possible to denude in a short essay, except to note that it has no basis in fact and defies all historical realities. Leaving this aside, it is time to examine the other side of the coin of "one-sidedness," which turns out to be "even-handedness." →

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While there was nothing fundamentally wrong with the original Rogers proposals on the Middle East, some soon noticed that they seemed to contain a punitive policy directed at Israel. When first broached, some Israelis thought that now, perhaps, they would be looked upon as equals in an unequal situation. It was their sublime hope that our new State Department, especially under its new President (who, incidentally, enjoys much popularity in Israel) would understand the danger to freedom posed by the Soviet Union in the area. They were sure that the United States would not stand idly by while Russia was busily engaged in rearming its Arab clients (Egypt and Syria) for yet another round in the war against the "Zionist-imperialist aggressor." They never thought that America would distribute its aid and affection—equally—to friend and foe alike.

'Equally Equal'

Now there are those among us who persist in the myth that the Arab states are friendly toward the United States the way Israel is. But these states never vote with us in the UN (Israel almost always); they—most of them—are foremost in the international cabal to discredit our Vietnam policy (which Israel supports); they line up always with the Soviet bloc against us on any and every occasion; their anti-American agitations rival those among the outright Soviet satellites. And, the varieties of America-hatred emanating out of Damascus, Cairo, Algiers and Baghdad are of a stridency to defy elementary decency. Nevertheless, all this, while recognized, is usually dismissed as so much rodomontade, to be expected from a Nasser or any other dictator engaged in foisting a variety of Arab socialism on the people of the Middle East.

But what is mere rodomontade to us —five thousand miles away—sounds (very often) like a real live threat to Israel. All the more so now that the world has suddenly been made aware—or has it?—that Russia, the supercatalyzer of Arab belligerency, has mounted an antisemitic campaign that rivals in perfidy anything it has perpetrated since the Hitler-Stalin Pact. (Recent issues of the *Moscow New Times* and *International Affairs* read like updated versions of the "Protocols of the Elders of Zion." Jew-hatred and Israel-hatred are combined to embrace the old and deadly parallel of a world Zionist conspiracy, to which is added the spice of contempt for American imperialism.)

This, however, is not part of our subject—this time. But the dispatch of some three hundred "volunteer" Soviet pilots to Egypt is of deep concern to Israel—and should be to us. Add to this the disquieting reports that tell of nuclear-tipped surface-to-air missiles implanted on the Egyptian side of the Suez Canal, and the anxiety compelling Israel's almost round-the-clock bombardment of Egyptian missile sites becomes understandable.

These latest developments may, indeed, endanger the peace of the world —but the Israelis are not disposed to go gently to their graves. Nor are they ready to provide corpses for another Biafra, for the edification of prime-time television. They are, instead, prepared to defend their sacred honor, their nation, their people with everything that it takes. And threats and admonitions to give up this or that piece of real estate, to be less obdurate, less unyielding, less stiff-necked, are doomed to fall on deaf ears for, the Israelis say, all such admonitions are misdirected. What they want is peace. Lacking that, they will settle for a ceasefire. Not the kind of one-sided ceasefire demanded by Nasser, but one that will be *equally* equal.

Now it is this desire to be treated as "equally equal," or, in the words of Ernest van den Haag, "as a nation among nations," not some peculiarity requiring special exegesis, but as one that is special "only in the sense in which each nation is," that is responsible for much misunderstanding deriving from any discussion of Israel and the Middle East.

But some high officials—and others —insist on talking about "one-sidedness" and "evenhandedness" and the "national interest," all the time obscuring the relevant data that American policy—*official policy*—has always been one-sidedly in favor of the Arab states. Never has any high State Department official or President declared Israel to be *vital* to America's interests in the Middle East; nor have we ever declared that even the *survival* of Israel is in the "national interest." But . . .

In 1957 President Eisenhower instructed his press secretary to tell the world that we regard Jordan—empty, oversized, under-populated Jordan—as "vital" to the interests of the United States . . . .

Catalogue of Perfidy

On November 14, 1963, President Kennedy pleaded with the Congress to permit him to send $50 million worth of surplus food to Egypt, regardless of Nasser's Yemenite aggression, such aid being in direct violation of our Public Law 88-205. . . .

On December 23, 1964, Gamal Abdel Nasser, outraged by what he regarded as American interference with his "conduct," called in our ambassador in Cairo and told him, "He who speaks a harsh word to us will have his tongue cut off." And, if that were not enough, he told him to tell our President and our Congress to "Go and drink up the sea."

Two months later, President Johnson, apparently having drunk up the sea, implored the Congress not to tie his hands on the matter of food aid to the United Arab Republic (a euphemism for Egypt) and . . .

On December 29, 1965, the President sent a memorandum to the Secretary of State declaring that "food aid to the UAR is in the national interest." Why?

Now this catalogue of aid, grants, loans, commitments to Egypt and the Arab states, including such suppliants as the oil-soaked sheikdoms of Kuwait and Saudi Arabia who need our free military aid about as much as the Rockefellers need money, can be continued ad infinitum. While it hardly adds up to a "one-sided" policy toward Israel, it is demonstratively *un*evenhanded in its evenhandedness.

With all the world against her, Israel dares not openly challenge the myth of one-sidedness for fear she may say something to antagonize the only friendly power in the world—the United States. But that doesn't mean she is to be dragooned into accepting any four-power or two-power solution. However peculiar we may regard her as a state, Israel is not *meshugah*. And, no matter how tempting it is to accept the syndrome of irrationality unique to the Middle East, Israel is still not disposed to give heed to demands of the vanquished to dictate terms to the victor—and not even peace terms at that!

The weakness of the Rogers proposals is that instead of concentrating

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on a formula for a ceasefire, something that need not elude him, he insists in stalking the Russians (with England and France ambling along as if they, too, had anything viable to contribute) for a package deal to submit to the Middle East powers. But such a policy, warns Barry Goldwater, can only lead to tragedy. In a recent letter, Senator Goldwater has written:

"At the present time, I support the position that the Israeli government and the Arab states should negotiate their problems themselves. I do not agree with Secretary Rogers that a settlement should be imposed upon these nations, as I think a solution worked out by the powers involved will be more effective. If either the United States or Russia tries to impose a settlement only tragedy will result."

To avoid this "tragedy," a majority of the Congress—70 per cent of the Senate and more than half the House—has declared its support for "direct and unhampered negotiations" between Israel and the Arab states. And, because he is most aware of the tragic consequences of letting the situation drift more and more in Russia's favor, House Minority Leader Gerald Ford has called for setting up—now!—a "hotline" between Jerusalem and Washington.

'Wandering Jews'

The Russians do not want peace in the Middle East. Neither are they anxious for another hot war—too soon for their clients to handle. They prefer, instead, the kind of war that will destroy Israel's will (and capacity) to resist. Hot wars are not something the Russians will risk—so long as they are not sure what we will do in a given situation. But they will risk anything short of it, that is why there is always the danger of miscalculation on their part (or on ours), unless we declare firmly and positively that the defense of all independent nations in the area—including Israel—is *vital* to our interests in the Middle East. This we can do by congressional reaffirmation of the Eisenhower Doctrine (Public Law 85-7) which declares that "the United States regards as vital to the national interest and world peace the preservation of the independence and integrity of the nations of the Middle East," and will be "prepared to use the armed forces to assist any nation . . . requesting assistance against armed aggression from any nation controlled by international Communism."

That is the heart of the Doctrine. It was invoked in 1958 when President Eisenhower felt Lebanon to be so threatened, underscoring that by aggression," he also meant "indirect aggression," citing bellicose radio broadcasts from "Cairo and Damascus," echoing the Moscow line. The Doctrine needs to be affirmed again—as it was in 1961—because the times demand it, not that there is danger of Israel calling on our "armed forces," but because it would deliver a message clearer and louder than any yet heard in the Kremlin. This is all the more necessary now that Yasir Arafat, leader of Al Fatah, has met with Brezhnev and Kosygin (despite the incredible demurrers in the *N.Y. Times* that such a meeting had taken place) and gone home with promises of cash and arms and with instruction to hotten up the struggle against the Israelis—and to draw "the American blacks" into the struggle for the "liberation of Palestine."

Today Arafat is more of a power in Jordan that is King Hussein. The danger of an explosion is clear and present in the Middle East. For that reason it is necessary to redefine what we mean by "national interest" and "vital stakes" so far as these concern peace and war in that volatile area. To subscribe to the notion that it is in the "national interest" to feed Egyptians, at the same time it is to our interest to starve Biafrans, is wrong for the reason that it is immoral, and being immoral it does not serve the "national interest," but helps entrench the Soviet presence in West Africa. In the Mediterranean it has placed Egypt and Jordan and Syria and Algeria and Libya within the Soviet orbit, thereby injuring our genuine interests and our vital stakes, at the same time endangering the peace of the world.

Senator William Fulbright, one of the foremost exponents of the "national interest" theory—so long as it is devoid of an anti-Communist content and of all morality—is opposed to our Vietnam policy for the same reasons some of us are for it. He is also a great believer in the geopolitics of numbers. That is, he would not commit the United States to the defense of any small nation—anywhere—threatened by a more populous enemy; a couple of million Jews against a hundred million Arabs (sooner or later the Jews have to lose, anyhow); a few score Southeast Asians against eight hundred million Red Chinese (sooner or later they, too, will take over). So far as the Middle East reality is concerned, it has been spelled out by the master geopolitician of our age, Charles de Gaulle (who never won a war—or a peace), who has spoken out honestly and with Gallic regret at the prospect of the "historic disappearance of Israel," and the unfortunate necessity of "the people of Israel to once more become the Wandering Jews."

Oil, Oil, Oil!

Now it may be in the national interest of France to swap Mirage jets for Libyan oil, but is not in *our* interest to make believe there is nothing wrong with the deal, although we know that the fighter-bombers are destined for Nasser's arsenal—further endangering the peace in the Middle East. Ah, but what about oil? That *is* a vital necessity. Well, not for us. We don't need it, importing as we do only about 3 per cent of it from the Middle East, and we could do without it altogether.

In any case petroleum promises to become a declining interest in the near future. Sooner or later (probably sooner) the gasoline engine will go the way of the dray-horse. General Motors has just placed on the market a gasolineless tractor; a number of cities are experimenting with electric buses, and so it goes—and so goes oil, at least most of it. But for what it is still worth, Israel has recently entered the game—and promises to be a formidable factor in trans-shipping Arabian oil from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, more cheaply than it can be delivered by tanker, through its new pipeline stretching from Elath to Ashkelon—and Arab oil is flowing through it, although the international oil detectives are trying to figure out whose Arab oil it is.

Israel is also drilling for oil off Haifa, although the pipeline offers the greatest opportunity for investors (including ours) to strike a real bargain. But for that Israel needs peace. The Middle East needs peace. And this peace can only be assured by seeing to it that Israel's military superiority is maintained—as much for our vital interests of world peace as for Israel's. And only the President of the United States can assure that—now. □

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CAMPUSES

Democracy on the Brain

KENNETH MELVIN

THE STUDENT LEFT may be no more than a part of the American charivari, destined to expire of its own excesses. Meanwhile, by its antic insistence that universities must be politicized to death, it is a menace. The demand is that universities be "democratized" like trade unions, but with one significant difference: Instead of being handed over to their master craftsmen after the guild pattern, universities are to be delivered into the hands of their entered apprentices. As Charles Frankel has remarked; "designing a university is not, after all, a form of action-painting"; and this nonsense that students ought to be "in charge" of academic institutions, having had its day, ought to be laughed out of court.

Reign of Inequality

Universities are beyond control in the SDS sense of the term; such authority as they have is widely dispersed among trustees, faculty, administration and, in many cases, the student body. Generically, universities have an earned reputation as hotbeds of invincible contrariety, where doctors not only differ, but dissent is an article of professional faith. Students may pine, as did once a Roman emperor, that there might be a single head of opposition so that he could cut it off at a blow: They may even see their university as operating like another tyrant of antiquity who solved dissent by removing every head that stood above the crowd. This is nothing but petulant tosh.

Repressions there are in every hierarchical institution, and universities are nothing if not hierarchies. Many boards of trustees accommodate what Lord Baldwin of Bewdley once called "those hard-faced men of the counting house"; administrators have been known to conduct themselves like thin-lipped curates; not a few faculty members reduce themselves to Pindaric bookkeepers; students with a taste for inert ideas contrive to geld themselves. All this and much more can be charged against universities and their denizens. Nevertheless and despite their disgraceful disarrays, universities worthy of the name (and that means most of them, even in America) remain seething arenas of disputation. Their chief claim to societal confidence is not only that they live by dialectic, but that they have historically set calculated limits to their dissent. This may disqualify them from student radicals' esteem, and universities must bear this odium with what fortitude they have. What universities cannot tolerate is their reduction under student siege. Prestigious universities were tamed by Hitler and thereby ceased to be bastions of intellectual life, liberty and learning. Now the universities are not about to be bullied by student brownshirts, American-style.

"Participatory democracy" died with the Greek city-state of manageable proportions; representative democracy took its place under the exigencies of the Leviathan state. To subject universities to popular vote would be to introduce the worst features of both systems of government without achieving the advantages of either. It would unwind the very armature of a university, which in the medieval phrase is "rule by them that know." However far behind we have left medievalism, we have not eliminated what Schelling called "the divine inequalities of talent." At their best, universities remain places where inequality reigns and demonstrable superiority is a matter of test, not votes. Here, heads are weighed rather than counted.

Psychic Crutches

Scholars of quality simply will not suffer the rude imposition of raw student authority; they will move elsewhere, and the United States already suffers this reverse brain drain which takes abroad a not inconsiderable number of its best minds. The flight of faculty has become a phenomenon of which students are the most conspicuous victims, and the sensible majority who come up to read seriously for coveted qualifications are in consequence the real dispossessed of academe. Eminent professors will not run the gantlet of mobbist minorities, and this indignity will not cease until it is stopped by that overwhelming body of students for whom Herbert Marcuse, Paul Goodman, Norman Mailer and Eldridge Cleaver are *not* the very avatars of enlightenment. The sustaining society might well lose its confidence in universities that cannot or will not fix the limits of dissent by the dignities of language, the decencies of debate, and the reticences of scholarly exchange.

Universities have historically been a refinement and ornament of the civilized life, an exemplar of the graces of language and literature and the arts. As the cultivated focus of a great and indeed the leading nation of the world, American universities are already equivocal enough. To degrade them further by "student power" over their essential genius would but complete an already near-rout. The best American institutions of higher learning are unexcelled; the worst of them are beyond belief and without counterpart in Europe where the Western academic life took its modern rise and has had six hundred years of developmental experience.

If the United States wishes to multiply its worst and erode its best universities, let them be politicized and unionized as they now are in the People's Republic of China. That will effectively debase the educational currency, invoke an academic Gresham's Law, impose a dictatorship of youthful ignorance and reinforce it with every device of popular mediocrity.

It will be said by the Savanarolas who thunder against "a corrupt and inhumane society" that their universities are step-mothers rather than foster-mothers as an alma mater ought to be; that they are dispensers of intellectual gruel; no more than orphanages of the mind. In this they are all too often embarrassingly right. The cult of vocationalism in what ought to be citadels of liberalizing thought is powerful and pervasive in American universities, particularly in the professional schools bent upon reproducing their culturally

(Continues on page 427)

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RIP

About that Hitler Quote

JOHN D. LOFTON JR.

SINCE Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas has leaned heavily on it in his latest book, *Points of Rebellion*, and both the *Wall Street Journal* and the *Washington Post* choose to lead with it in their reviews of that book, it seems that now is as good as any time to lay to rest an apocryphal Hitler quote which has been repeated by such disparate individuals as black comedian-politician Dick Gregory and conservative *Chicago Tribune* columnist Walter Trohan.

The questionable quote goes something like this:

"The streets of our country are in turmoil. The universities are filled with students rebelling and rioting. Communists are seeking to destroy our country. Russia is threatening us with her might and the republic is in danger. Yes, danger from within and without. We need law and order."

The speaker is said to be Adolf Hitler, the time 1932, the place, Hamburg.

The first mention of the quote seems to have been in the "Trade Winds" column of Jerome Beatty Jr. in the May 17, 1969 *Saturday Review*. A check with Beatty reveals that he got the quote from a monthly newsletter edited by Dixon Gayer, a professor of journalism at California State College at Long Beach. Gayer got the quote from a Professor Leroy Hardy in that school's Political Science Department who said that he had copied the quotation from the office door of Professor Larry Adams of the Political Science Department at the University of California at Santa Barbara. Professor Adams is unable to remember where he obtained the original quote.

The next mention of the quote was sometime in mid-July of last year, in an editorial in the *Des Moines Register*. They got it, they said, from Senator Edmund Muskie, who made the statement in a speech before the National Council on Crime and Delinquency. And where did Muskie get it?

> It was originally brought to my attention by a very reputable personal friend who had clipped it out of a publication last winter. Both he and I had no reason to question its authenticity. My staff has been working with the Library of Congress in an attempt to trace the original source of the quote. Although they have found similar statements by Hitler in the early 1930s, they have not been able to find the exact source. I regret this situation.

And indeed the Library of Congress has not been able to turn up anything despite a careful search through: *The Macmillan Book of Proverbs, Maxims and Famous Phrases*; *The Home Book of Quotations*; *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*; the *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*, among others. Also searched were several books relating specifically to Hitler: *Reden des Führers, 1922-1945*; *Reden und Proklamationen, 1932-1945*; *Hitler's Speeches, 1922-1939*; *Hitler's Words, 1922-1943*; *Hitler: A Study in Tyranny*; and *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*.

The Library even went so far as to contact two Hitler scholars, William L. Shirer and Dr. William Allen of Wayne University's History Department, a specialist on Nazi Germany. Shirer mentioned having heard the Hitler quote in question but was unable to authenticate it. Ditto Dr. Allen, who said that the statement was not typical of Hitler in that it was too concise. He also pointed out that since it was the Nazis who were instigating and perpetuating the disorders, Hitler probably would not have brought them up.

This would be as if Chicago Seven Lawyer William Kuntsler were publicly to lament the current attack on our judicial system and cite as proof of this the behavior of the defendants in the recent Conspiracy trial.

Other purveyors of the quote include:

The United Auto Worker's publication, *Solidarity*, which got the quote from the Wayne State University, Black Panther-controlled student newspaper, *The South End*.

Conservative *Chicago Tribune* columnist Walter Trohan, who picked the item up from a Catholic publication, the *National Register*. The *Register*, which used the quote in the shape of a bayonet in a full-page graphic, was challenged on its authenticity by *Twin Circle* publisher Dale Francis and finally admitted to its bogusness. The source for it couldn't be found. Trohan subsequently wrote another column on the phoniness of the quote, but warned against "preoccupation with law and order" filling us with such terror that we would joyously "accept the claims of false prophets."

Comedian-politician Dick Gregory, who appeared on the Merv Griffin show and led off with the quote embellishing it with an additional six lines:

"Yes, without law and order our nation cannot survive. And we shall restore law and order. We shall by law and order be respected among the nations of the world. Without law and order our republic shall fail."

Gregory went on to warn against "law-and-order" candidates:

> And this is the frightening thing about the type of campaigns [sic] that's running across the country on law-and-order issues, you know. When will it end, you know, when you start voting strictly from a law-and-order issue. We end up following the same boat that Nazi Germany followed.

Show host Griffin agreed.

(In all fairness, it should be noted that the agreement here was not unanimous and another Griffin guest, Orson Bean, was applauded when he replied to Gregory: "I'm not afraid of the politicians; I'm afraid of being mugged.")

Atlanta Constitution columnist Hal Gulliver has never disclosed where he got the quote. *Washington Post* columnist Nicholas von Hoffman apologized for being such a "poopout," and said that he vaguely remembered the Hitler quote but never keeps the material he uses for a column longer than he needs to write it. "Otherwise, I'd have to move out of my apartment," he declared.

AS NAZI MINISTER of Propaganda Joseph Goebbels said: "It is my task to provide the naïvely credulous with the arguments for what they think and wish, but which they are unable to formulate and verify themselves."

With the current circulation being given the bastard Hitler law-and-order quote, it would appear that this task has been passed on. □

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RUSSELL KIRK

EDUCATIONAL REFORM STIRS

FROM THE ACADEMY

Who would have thought it? Yet, it now appears conceivable that the dull American apparatus of public instruction, so long dominated by obsolete notions, boondoggles and a dreary hierarchy of administrators, may be reformed by influence from the Federal Government. I do not suggest that the present bureaucracy of the Office of Education, sharing with the National Education Association an interlocking directorate of unimaginative educationists, can accomplish this labor. But President Nixon and his advisers have something fresh in mind.

Mr. Nixon has asked Congress to establish a National Institute of Education, to engage in genuine research—and to relieve the Office of Education of the research functions that it has performed so wretchedly. Also, by Executive Order, the President has created a Commission on School Finance, to deal with both public schools and private ones (including parochial schools). Behind these undertakings, one may discern the sagacious influence of Mr. Roger Freeman, from the Hoover Institution, Mr. Nixon's consultant on school finance and related matters.

With the present Congress forcing upon the Nixon Administration far more money for federal schools subsidies than the Administration wants, the improvement of the Federal Government's colossal and chaotic educational program (most of it no older than the Jonhson Administration) is most urgent. But the results of reform may not altogether delight the "school lobby" of NEA types, manufacturers of educational equipment and textbook publishers that thrust upon Mr. Nixon the new swollen educational appropriation—inflation or no inflation.

If Washington is to draw up plans guiding states and school districts toward qualitative reinvigoration of public instruction, much must depend upon the sort of gentlemen that the President appoints to the proposed National Institute's staff. Here he might do well to emulate Governor William Milliken of Michigan, who last year appointed an advisory commission on school reform composed almost wholly of people who were *not* part of the old patronage network of Teachers College, Columbia. (Teachers College has changed for the better in recent years, but the patronage network hasn't.)

Of course there are a good many university and college presidents (the right kind) and experienced school administrators of sound sense (like Dr. Carl Hansen, now consultant to California's department of public instruction) who know how to improve the curricula and the methods of public schools; who know the true ends of education. If they are brought into the federal project for reform, together with the guiding spirits of bodies like the Council for Basic Education and some of the learned societies, the dullards of the NEA and its affiliates may begin to wish they never had dragged Congress, kicking and screaming, into the management of the nation's schools.

The Commission on School Finance will have great power, now that almost every school district in the country has become dependent on largesse from Washington; and Mr. Nixon's people will use that power for purposes considerably superior to subsidizing new uniforms for school bands (on which folly, incidentally, a really large sum of money from the Treasury already has been squandered).

Clearly the Nixon Administration means to persuade Congress to assist parochial and private schools, now in peril of general collapse. Whether that assistance will be in the form of tax credits, tax relief, state subsidies or federal subsidies, we shall see. But help is on the way. As Mr. Nixon tells Congress, 11 per cent of American children are educated in non-public schools. "If most or all private schools were to close or turn public," he says, "the added burden on public funds by the end of the 1970s would exceed $4 billion per year in operations, with an estimated $5 billion more needed for facilities." The new Commission, the President remarks, should bear in mind two considerations: "First, our purpose here is not to aid religion in particular but to promote diversity in education; second, that non-public schools in America are closing at the rate of one a day." Both for the sake of diversity (and freedom) and for the sake of economy, the private and parochial schools must be saved.

In general, the Nixon message on schooling is the most intelligent proposal ever to emerge from Washington since federal subsidizing commenced with the land grants to colleges. Still, it does not follow that the Nixon people are infallible. The President suggests that we ought to keep schools open all year round, rather than for nine months: "The need for help in the fields perhaps cannot be justified today, leaving expensive facilities idle for one quarter of the year." But Lord forbid! Nine months of compulsory schooling are all the rising generation can endure; they would be unmanageable if kept in classrooms for the long, hot summer. Besides, the long vacation is a principal attraction for prospective good teachers.

Head Start and other costly, disappointing ventures of the Johnson years will be radically revised. Dr. Daniel Patrick Moynihan has a hand in all this. "We have to overcome the mentality that says if you say something isn't working, then you don't want it to work," as Moyihan puts it. Doubtless the sweet voices of certain educationist ideologues soon will be raised to denounce the Nixon reformers as Enemies of the Public Schools. An Enemy of the Public Schools, you know, is any person who desires to improve the public schools. □

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DELECTATIONS

The Rock

ALEC WAUGH

IN 1907 when I went, at the age of nine, to my first boarding school, a map of the world hung over the mantelpiece. A sixth of it was painted red, to fix in my memory the dimensions of the Empire on which the sun never set.

At that time the function of a Briton's education was to fit him to be a worthy subject of the crown, an effective guardian of his sovereign's territories. Had I been foretold that I should spend ten of my adult years in khaki, engaged in two major wars in which Britain, after losing many battles along the way, would emerge triumphant from the last, I should not have been in the least surprised. That was the price that a Briton was prepared to pay for his proud heritage. But had I been told that within twenty years of that final victory the Empire would have been dissolved, with colonies becoming dominions or republics or independent states within a vague association called the "Commonwealth," and with the words "Ind: Imp." struck from the coinage, I should have been appalled.

The wind of change has blown ruthlessly, but painlessly. Britain may be now a minor power in the eyes of China, Russia and the United States, but the average Briton lives better than he used to. Living is more varied, more hopeful, more full of potentialities than it was in the days of Queen Victoria. In terms of creative endeavor England was at her peak in the reign of the first Elizabeth, before she owned a single colony, and today her prestige in the world of music and the theater, in the arts and sciences and in sport, stands as high as ever. A young man has as much cause for pride in being an Englishman as his grandfather had when he hurried to enlist in August 1914. The Empire has gone and its loss has not made the slightest difference. Yet, even so, there is one final bastion that no Briton could see go without a pang.

Tangier is now my base and whenever the sky is clear I can see Gibraltar:

> . . . *The famed Rock which Hercules*
> *and Moor and Goth bequeathed us. At this door*
> *England stands sentry. . . .*

It never fails to kindle a glow of pride in me.

Early in February I spent three days there. A lot has happened since I first went there fifteen years ago. Then Gibraltar was a sleepy little garrison town where the elderly could escape the rigors of the English winter and wanglers could organize a fiddle with the currency regulations. Then came the boom of the Costa del Sol package tour with Gibraltar as a free port, cashing in on it. Hotels were enlarged; beaches developed; a casino opened; flats went up. The crisis with Spain only increased Gibraltar's involvement with tourism. The Rock had to stand on its own, and when the frontier was closed, accommodations had to be found for the Moroccans who took the place of the barred Spanish workers.

Fifteen years ago when you crossed by the Tangier ferry, your first landmark was the square-towered castle that the Moors built in the eighth century. Now you scarcely notice it, so shut in is it by the tall white apartment buildings; the southern tip, under the Rock, is cluttered with new developments, and the eastern flank, where the exiled Genoese made their home, sponsors a smart hotel and a series of holiday bungalows. Even so, the core of the town is scarcely altered.

I walked from Casement Square, where the docks start, to the Rock Hotel. After a month of heavy rain it was a clear and sunny day. I did not need an overcoat. There was no tourist ship in port. Beyond the gate the banks were not crowded, nor was the post office. There were tables vacant in the piazza. Main Street is narrow; on many parts of the pavement you cannot walk two abreast and traffic is often held up by pedestrians. I sauntered on, window shopping; the Indian stores were prodigals of temptation with their silks and watches, their cameras and perfumes. It was a familiar walk for me. I had made it often ten years ago when I spent three weeks at the Rock, working on a story. But then it had been very different. I had taken for granted Gibraltar, and all that went with it, as part of my inheritance as an Englishman. Now, with Gibraltar threatened, not only by Spain but by the possibilities of dissidence within, it was almost with a last-time feeling that I took that stroll.

I had realized ten years back how beautiful Gibraltar was, but what I had not recognized was the intrinsic Britishness of it all, with its tall blue-helmeted policemen, its red pillar boxes, its smart sentries before the Governor's residence, the service wives, healthy young women with clear complexions and trim figures, many of them with North Country accents, pushing their prams as they did their shopping.

King's Chapel is decorated with regimental flags, its walls heavy with plaques to the soldiers, sailors and officials who have died while serving in Gibraltar. Outside the gate, the Trafalgar cemetery cherishes the graves of some of the officers and men who died of the wounds that they received there. It is a small cemetery but its headstones from the end of the eighteenth century record the deaths of men who gave their lives for England.

GIBRALTAR, I realized on that long sauntering walk in the mild spring sunshine, is much more than an English colony—it is a part of England. It is not a piece of conquered territory whose inhabitants and fortunes have been administered by Englishmen. It was created by England. It is an integral part of English life and history. It is as much England as Cornwall is, almost more so. It is very hard for an Englishman to believe that one day it will pass into the hands of another power.

On my last day I signed on for a conducted tour, at the end of which we were driven across the airstrip to the frontier. The British gates, which are closed every night, were open. A soldier from the Black Watch was on guard. But the green Spanish gates were blocked. There was no activity behind them. Their sentry box was empty. When would those gates be opened and, when they are, will a British sentry still be stationed there? □

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What Was Wrong with the Warren Court

WALTER BERNS

The Supreme Court and the Idea of Progress
By Alexander M. Bickel
Harper, 210 pp., $6.50

The Warren Court, we are told by its ill-informed critics, assumed powers belonging rightfully to other agencies of government, to the states, for example, or to the Congress—political powers, whereas the Constitution limits the Supreme Court to the exercise of "the judicial powers of the United States." It is said that a Supreme Court that respects these limits is one that confines itself to judging the political decisions of these other agencies by the great and, we are to believe, the obvious principles set down in the Constitution, and that it most emphatically is not one that manufactures principles to suit its own political ends. Hence, the President's reported intention to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Abe Fortas with a law man, a strict constructionist, a Judge Haynsworth or Carswell, in any case, we are assured, a non-political judge.

The distinction of course is not that clear; something in addition to an ability to read the law is required to read the Constitution in the course of exercising the judicial power. John Marshall had a vision of one great nation, and in particular, one great commercial republic extending from "the St. Croix to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific," and it was this vision, and only this vision, and not the plain or obvious meaning of the constitutional language, that allowed him to see that the power to charter a national bank was "necessary and proper," and therefore among the constitutional powers of Congress. Jefferson had a different vision, and it was in the light of it, and only in the light of it, and not because of any plain and obvious meaning of the constitutional language, that he concluded that the chartering of a national bank was unnecessary and improper and, in fact, destructive to the "pillars of our whole system of jurisprudence"—in short, unconstitutional.

This much is common knowledge among the students of the Court. But it does not follow that the only difference between the Marshall and the Warren Court consists in the kind of politics they separately espoused, or, in the words of a former Presidential assistant recently returned to the campus, that it is all a question of "whose ox is being gored." No doubt many of Warren's critics were disturbed less by the fact that he made "political" decisions than by the kind of political decisions he and his Court made; and it is no less clear that some friends of the Warren Court have praised it because of their agreement with its politics and for no other reason. But this is improper. The Supreme Court may not be simply a court of law, but neither is it a "kadi" sitting under a tree "dispensing justice according to considerations of individual expediency," as Justice Frankfurter once put it.

A simple court of law would be likely to accept and enforce whatever decisions were made by the political branches of government, or to do so until, following James Bradley Thayer, they made a "clear mistake"; but Americans, because they know the amount of mischief that can be accomplished without clearly and unmistakably violating some express provision of the Constitution, have come to expect more from the Court than a rectification of clear mistakes. On the other hand, they refuse to be ruled by men who are responsible to no one and to nothing save their own ideas of justice, and they therefore insist that the judges demonstrate that the rules they enforce derive from the Constitution. They want justice as they understand it and they want law as the Constitution sets it down, and these two demands are not always readily reconciled.

Indeed, the elaboration of the principle by which they may be reconciled has resisted the efforts of judges and scholars alike: in the beginning, when Hamilton set down his "simple view of the matter" in *Federalist 78*, through the Marshall and Progressive and pre-New Deal eras, and on into the present. It is the problem of reconciling democracy and judicial power, and the effort has attracted the greatest of our judges —Marshall, Hughes, Brandeis and Frankfurter, for example—and the most thoughtful of our constitutional scholars. Alexander Bickel, Chancellor Kent Professor of Law and Legal History at Yale, and a contributing editor of the *New Republic*, is among the foremost of these. He is also a severe critic of the Warren Court.

LIKE THE Marshall Court with its vision of the nation, Earl Warren and a majority of his colleagues had a vision too, the Egalitarian Society, and a mission of bringing it into being through their own efforts. By projecting the idea of the Egalitarian Society into the past, they thereby sought (and to their own satisfaction found) the sanction that would justify the future they hoped to create through their decisions. Only in the light of this projected past were they able to see in the equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment the rule that requires both houses of a state legislature to be apportioned on a strict population basis. Justice

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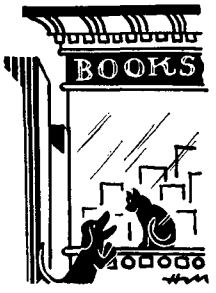
Douglas shows how it was done: "The conception of political equality from the Declaration of Independence, to Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, to the Fifteenth, Seventeenth and Nineteenth Amendments can mean only one thing —one person, one vote" (*Gray* v. *Sanders*)—and, as Bickel shows, *can* mean this only by doing violence to that part of our history made by James Madison. Like Glendower, the Warren Court was able to "call spirits from the vasty deep," and unlike those called forth by lesser men, these spirits came when called. Thus: Anti-birth control statutes violate a right of privacy guaranteed by "penumbras, formed by emanations" of the First, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Ninth Amendments (*Griswold* v. *Connecticut*). Nor, as Bickel demonstrates, did it pause to explain its right to call these spirits: "The Warren Court seemed particularly prone to spare itself the travail of arguments touching the basic rules that define its own jurisdiction."

A Court that can create the nation's past will of course tend to be impatient with a present fashioned even in part by other forces, and will attack it with any weapon it can grasp. It will do so at the risk of subjectivity, arbitrariness and "intellectual incoherence," and Bickel, who demonstrates these failings, refuses to excuse them simply because similar examples are so readily found in the record of past Courts. He demands intellectual discipline, and demands it not out of a petty attachment to form over substance, but precisely because he is attached to the substance, to the justice that Courts might do. "The restraints of reason . . . make it possible for the judge, on some occasions, at any rate, to oppose against the will and faith of others, not merely his own will or deeply felt faith, but a method of reaching judgments that may command the allegiance, on a second thought, even of those who find a result disagreeable." Subjectivity, arbitrariness and "intellectual incoherence" need not be fatal flaws in governing, but a Court, a body without sword or purse, is very much in need of the consent that reason and intellectual coherence may engender—especially a Court that tried to do so much in so little time in a setting affected by so many forces outside its control.

These technical failures are most likely to occur when a Court exceeds its powers, not in the sense of doing what it is not authorized to do, but in attempting what is beyond its power to do. In a somber last chapter Bickel makes his principal charges against the Warren Court, and does so on the basis of an analysis that goes well beyond the pages of the written decisions to comprehend the non-judicial forces that impinge on policy and, in the end, may prove to be determinative of the final result. If he is right, the Warren Court's most assiduously developed policies—those dealing with school desegregation and legislative apportionment—may soon be obsolescent and irrelevant. It is one thing to invalidate officially imposed segregation—of course this is unconstitutional and ought to have been so declared long before 1954—but it is something else again to pursue, through legal decisions, a policy of requiring racial balance in the schools in the context, for example, of apportionment decisions that, if applied, would prevent the formation of



the voting constituencies required to effect the balance. One person, one vote may prove to be incompatible with racial balance. And if freedom of choice plans are unconstitutional in the South, will the Court enforce this rule against the demands of the militant blacks for separation in the North? In Ocean Hill-Brownsville? Or will the Constitution come to mean one thing in the South and another in the North? Perhaps sound policy and justice require two rules, but presumably the Constitution speaks in only one voice at a time.

The lesson is clear: It is proper to impose law, in the form of limiting restraints or guiding principles, on all public affairs, but law, as Bickel says, cannot be "the sole system of ordering" and the Court cannot be the sole governor. "The judicial process is too principle-prone and principle-bound. . . . It is too remote from conditions, and deals, case by case, with too narrow a slice of reality. It is not accessible to all the varied interests that are in play in any decision of great consequence . . . it is, in a vast, complex, changeable society, a most unsuitable instrument for the formation of policy." In a word, it "can call spirits from the vasty deep" of the past, but there are severe limits on its ability to call them from the future.

Bickel writes out of a profound respect for law and for American democracy, whose history he knows, and for the Court whose role it has been to reconcile them one with another, to the end that American government be principled government. One wishes that Mr. Nixon could see that he is more likely to find the judge he wants, or ought to want, among the contributing editors of the *New Republic* (of all places! NATIONAL REVIEW readers might say) than among the ranks of men whose only apparent qualification is the political support of those who deny—or at best lack a dedication to—the principles to which the nation dedicated itself in 1776, 1787 and 1863. Lincoln, I think, would have wanted Mr. Bickel on the Court. □

Nobody Knows, Reflections on the McCarthy Campaign of 1968
By Jeremy Larner
Macmillan, 189 pp., $4.95

THE ANTICANDIDATE OF 1968

GARRY WILLS

Coriolanus: You know the cause, sir, of my standing here?
Citizen: We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to it.
Coriolanus: Mine own desert.
Citizen: Your own desert!
Coriolanus: Aye, not mine own desire.
Citizen: How! Not your own desire?
Coriolanus: No, sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

Larner is angry, and with cause. As Clif White's people were angry in 1964.

The parallel nags; it is extraordinary. White, with his net of contacts formed in the Young Republicans, drew his first strength from Southern resisters to the civil rights movement. Al Lowenstein, the last leader of the National Student Association before it established its link with the CIA, had formed a cadre of NSA people active in the South for civil rights. Each man used his troops to draft a Presidential candidate. Both served a cause first, and sought a candidate second—"Mr.

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RANDOM NOTES

■ Readers who have been wondering what Barry Goldwater thinks about the New Left, the drug scene, the generation gap and all those other cute little contemporary dilemmas, need not wonder any more. Prentice-Hall will bring out his meditations on all these subjects this fall: *The Conscience of a Country*. . . . After years of silence about his activities during World War II, and immediately prior to the War, Charles Lindbergh has decided to publish a diary he kept during those years: *The Wartime Journals of Charles A. Lindbergh* (Harcourt, September). . . . The omnicompetent William F. Rickenbacker has a book coming early next year: *The Fourth House* (Walker), a collection of essays, musings, appreciations and animadversions on economics, politics, social questions, aviation, music (partial list). Rickenbacker's *Death of the Dollar* has just gone into its second large paperback printing (Dell); he is at work on an annotated collection of letters from his father, Capt. Eddie, for Walker. . . . The Founding Mother is lionized in Pearl Buck's forthcoming *The Kennedy Women* (Cowles, $5.95). . . . Also from Miss Buck, in May, *China as I See It* (John Day, $6.50). an optimistic account of her old stamping ground.

■ Has anyone noticed the raft of "law-and-order" literature emanating from the Left these days? The latest is *The Honest Politician's Guide to Crime Control* (Chicago, $5.95) by Norval Morris and Gordon Hawkins. The cops are the bad guys. . . . This fall will see a major work on Ted Kennedy and what is left of the Kennedy dynasty: Burton Hersh's *The Education of Edward Kennedy* (Coward). The Clan will not like this book. . . . If the Kennedy image has lost some of its glow, Herbert Hoover, once the bête noire of all civilized liberals, has been getting a rather good posthumous press of late. Most recent pro-Hoover tome: Gene Smith's *The Shattered Dream: Herbert Hoover and the Great Depression* (Morrow, $6.95, June). . . . And speaking of shattered dreams, Richard Neustadt and a bunch of Harvard dons and students muse upon last April's Harvard upheaval—the one that couldn't happen at Harvard—in *The Harvard Strike* (Houghton, $6.95; paper, $3.95, May). By far the most interesting chapter in the book is Steven Kelman's account of his disenchantment with the extreme Left.

■ This month brings some important books on the Middle East crisis: Christian Hauer's *Crisis and Conscience in the Middle East* (Quadrangle, $5.95); and Miles Copeland's apologia for the Nasser regime, *The Game of Nations: The Amorality of Power and Politics* (Simon & Schuster, $6.95). . . . Highly recommended to all *NR* readers is Sergeant Samuel Vance's account of his experiences as a black soldier in Vietnam: *The Courageous and the Proud* (Norton, $4.95, May). Sergeant Vance is proud of having served in Vietnam, and has great scorn for Black Panthers and other members of the black lunatic fringe. . . . G. Heinz and H. Donay, two pseudonymous Belgian scholars, try to set the record straight in *Lumumba: The Last Fifty Days* (Grove, $6.95).

Conservative" for one, "Mr. Liberal" for the other. Both were turned down by their first choice—Barry Goldwater and Robert Kennedy, respectively—only to have the candidate come in at a later date. But here there is a vital difference: Lowenstein went on to the second choice, and found himself stuck with it, when Kennedy finally declared. McCarthy, who knew he was only second choice, could not trust Lowenstein after Kennedy's declaration. But Lowenstein had marshaled his forces, and brought his bright kids into the Minnesotan's camp (Kennedy would lament that he had the B and C kids, McCarthy had the A kids—Lowenstein's kids).

So Lowenstein was stuck with the Goldwater of 1968. It was not so simply that McCarthy turned on his Svengali (as Barry had turned on his); he had the same gift for rubbing people the wrong way, isolating himself, getting islanded by a palace guard, being handled by mediocrities. He was not so much a poor candidate as an anticandidate. As contender for the Presidency, Goldwater was a good radio operator. McCarthy, in the same position, was a fair poet. There was similarity even in contrast—Barry, the conservative swinger, designer of "ants in pants" underwear; McCarthy, the liberal square, tweedy and academic in his understated way.

What makes an anticandidate? As Larner suggests, nobody knows. But some conclusions can be drawn from this masterly combination of reportage, personal diary and lament, and deft satire. It is the best written book on the 1968 campaign. Pages 84 to 86 say more about American politics than whole volumes of Theodore White. Yet, after it all, Larner is still confused. What went wrong? He thinks it was all a matter of the candidate's failings. A prickly contradictory union of pride, purity and self-doubt.

Pride. And if you are going to lose, lose big, and blame it on integrity. Too good to win, the man would not compromise. McCarthy savaged J. Edgar Hoover before Midwestern audiences, much as Goldwater criticized Social Security to old folks in Florida. Wanting to win was the best way to lose McCarthy's ear in the summer of 1968. It reminds one of Baroody's opposition to the Reagan speech for Goldwater.

Yet, under it all, it seems that neither McCarthy nor Goldwater ever truly thought of himself as President. Each started public life with a handicap that seemed, years back, to preclude national office—Goldwater's conservatism, McCarthy's Catholicism. They were outsiders who adopted a style of protest, of dissent. When John F. Kennedy challenged the rule that a Catholic cannot be President, McCarthy comforted himself with the bitter half-truth that this particular President had in fact confirmed the rule. As an outsider he was geared to make a protest, a gesture against war, but not to risk the dishonor of winning.

Given his view of politics, winning would have been an irreparable blow to his self-esteem. So he ran with enthusiasm only *against*: against Johnson (who humiliated him in 1964, making him crawl for Hubert's spot), against Bobby (heir to all the trashy glitter of his brother, another rival), against—well, at the end, against J. Edgar Hoover or General Hershey; against himself, in part against Lowenstein, against kids. Even his own movement had become a rival.

It is a strange tale of paralysis cultivated as a pose. But Larner does not see in it a larger public significance. McCarthy, formally committed to a liberal system and Establishment, lived with it while knocking it. It was flawed, but only as man is. When he moved outside the system, to make a moral gesture against war, he disqualified himself from presiding over the system, without feeling bound to bring the whole structure down—which seems to be his real crime in Larner's eyes. He was a liberal, relying on gradual enlightenment and the beneficence of historical

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processes, just unable to stomach certain things—Vietnam, J. Edgar Hoover, General Hershey. He would register his dissent, but as an outsider, not as one come to overthrow or replace or commandeer the political system he had grown up with and worked within quite conventionally.

Radical insights and protest were, all through 1968, oddly joined with liberal gamesmanship—not only in McCarthy, but in McGovern and Humphrey too. All three candidates at the Chicago convention had been college professors, liberals of the sort who address themselves to the young. In that sense they had helped assemble the kids in Chicago. Yet none of them did anything practical to put an end to battle in the streets. They had raised a movement they could neither join nor repress. They were caught helpless between Establishment and protest, perfect symbol of the exquisite liberal dilemma.

Larner says he drove into Washington late in the summer of 1968, haunted by a snatch of song, the Simon and Garfunkel couplet: *"Where have you gone, Joe Di Maggio?/A nation turns its hungry eyes to you."* I left Larner's book with a different phrase in my ear, from The Doors:

"In mute nostril agony
Carefully Refined." □

A New Voyage to the Country of the Houyhnhnms
By Lemuel Gulliver
From an Unpublished Manuscript of Jonathan Swift, D.D.
Edited, with Notes, by Matthew Hodgart, Esq., M.A.
Putnam, 91 pp., $2.95

YAHOOS TRIUMPHANT

RUSSELL KIRK

Despite the handsome eighteenth-century type face in which this lively satire is set, and despite its fidelity to the style of Dean Swift, really the author is Mr. Hodgart, Professor of English at the University of Sussex, who spent a semester at Cornell University in 1969. The New Yahoos of his parable are the students of the New Left and their rabble following; his Houyhnhnms, degenerated from their sires, are the liberal professors of today's academy.

Doubtless Mr. Hodgart has chiefly in

mind last year's ruinous troubles at Cornell University. But the New Yahoos are more revolting in Britain, as I write these lines, than they are in the United States. At Manchester University student rebels are occupying the administration block; as to Edinburgh, several hundred of the New Yahoos conduct an all-night "work-in" at the University library; at York, two hundred of the breed have fortified themselves in the administration building; at Sussex (Professor Hodgart's university), some 150 of them are sitting in because the University will not open its files to all comers; at Kent, four hundred students have rifled and photographed the files; there are similar disturbances at Leeds, Hornsey College of Art, West Ham College of Technology and other British universities and colleges: all these the events of a single week.

Britain having no Vietnam war, no conscription and no large element of militant black students, academic Yahoos in the United Kingdom cherish academic foolishness for its own sake. Such are the days that follow upon what the unhappy Houyhnhnms—their very language suffering debasement—call the Great Sh-t-In.

RETURNING to the land of the Houyhnhnms, Lemuel Gulliver promptly is distressed by the fallen state of that republic. Refusing to work, the British Yahoos proceed to usurp all authority. The New Yahoo is even more disgusting than was the Yahoo that Gulliver found in his earlier voyage:

> The outstanding Characteristick of the New Yahoos . . . is that they do greatly indulge in *Copulation*. . . . Sexual Play taketh Place almost without cease among them. Nor are they content with the traditional and natural Ways of copulating . . . but they seek out a large Variety of Technicks for gratifying their Desires. . . . Their strenuous Exertions tend to leave them in a State of perpetual Lassitude. From this Lassitude they try to rouse themselves by the taking of certain Herbs that have a Chymical Impulsion. They eat greatly of a Plant; which I was unable to identify on first Sight, but have subsequently ascertained to be a variety of *Cannabis indica*. . . . Those, who have *graduated* from Cannabis seek out a rare Mushroom that hath the Property of causing Hallucinations.

Some glimmerings of reason may be discerned among the New Yahoos: They have their music (howling) and their art. "Yet another makes a collection of Turds, which are evidently chosen for their significant Forms, and arranges them carefully in Niches of the Rocks." Mr. Hodgart appends a note: "Two exhibitions were held at Cornell University and elsewhere in the United States in the spring of 1969, one of 'Earth Art,' the other of 'Soft and Semisoft Sculpture.'"

Although the new Master who has succeeded to authority among the liberal Houyhnhnms is a gelding (*pace* Dr. James Perkins, sometime President of Cornell), at first the older Houyhnhnms endeavor to restrain the excesses of the New Yahoos. They break up the Great Sh-t-In by turning into the stables certain fierce Wolves. Soon thereafter, nevertheless, the party of progress comes to dominate the deliberations of the Houyhnhnms; it is headed by the Chestnut, a horse whose vocabulary is corrupted by neologisms —such words as Polarized, Restructuring, Confrontation, Escalation. The Chestnut's Rousseauistic theories are familiar:

> When I asked the Chestnut how the Houyhnhnms had ever allowed the Great Sh-t-In and the subsequent Striking-off to come about, he replied that it had been a grievous Mistake. They should not have sent in the Bulls, since that did merely cause a just Resentment among the working Yahoos: the Houyhnhnms should have courteously entreated them to quit the Stables, which they infallibly must have done . . . for the Yahoos were originally, in his Opinion, an uncorrupted People with an inborn Capacity for Benevolence; they took, at first, their greatest Pleasure in

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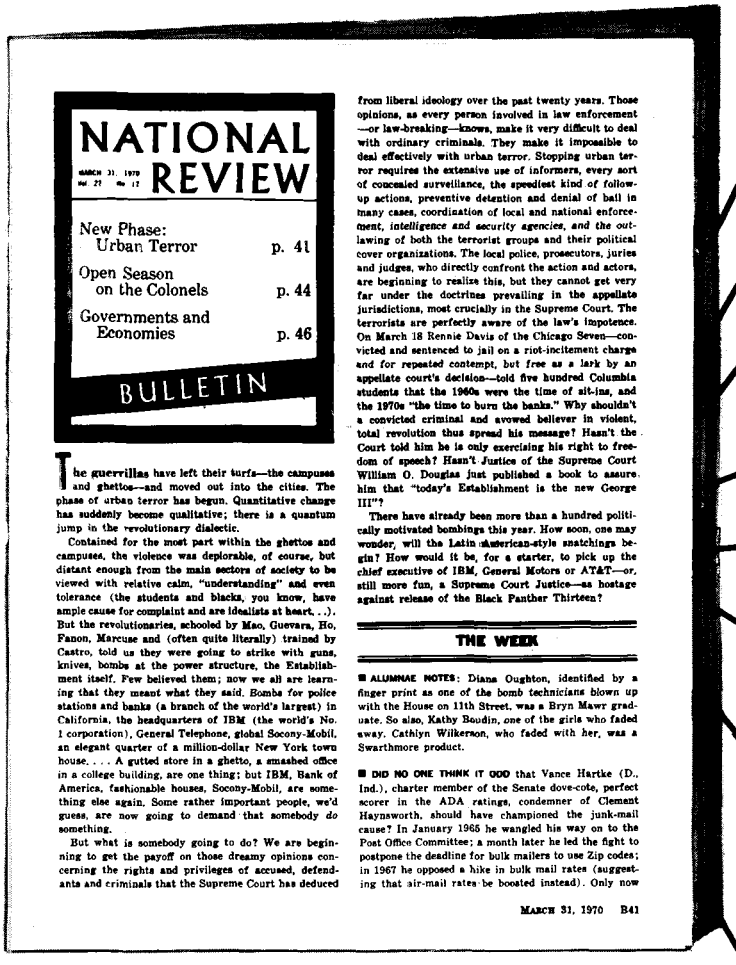

NATIONAL REVIEW

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Open Season on the Colonels p. 44
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BULLETIN

The guerrillas have left their turfs—the campuses and ghettos—and moved out into the cities. The phase of urban terror has begun. Quantitative change has suddenly become qualitative; there is a quantum jump in the revolutionary dialectic.

Contained for the most part within the ghettos and campuses, the violence was deplorable, of course, but distant enough from the main sectors of society to be viewed with relative calm, "understanding" and even tolerance (the students and blacks, you know, have ample cause for complaint and are idealists at heart. . .). But the revolutionaries, schooled by Mao, Guevara, Ho, Fanon, Marcuse and (often quite literally) trained by Castro, told us they were going to strike with guns, knives, bombs at the power structure, the Establishment itself. Few believed them; now we all are learning that they meant what they said. Bombs for police stations and banks (a branch of the world's largest) in California, the headquarters of IBM (the world's No. 1 corporation), General Telephone, global Socony-Mobil, an elegant quarter of a million-dollar New York town house. . . . A gutted store in a ghetto, a smashed office in a college building, are one thing; but IBM, Bank of America, fashionable houses, Socony-Mobil, are something else again. Some rather important people, we'd guess, are now going to demand that somebody *do* something.

But what is somebody going to do? We are beginning to get the payoff on those dreamy opinions concerning the rights and privileges of accused, defendants and criminals that the Supreme Court has deduced from liberal ideology over the past twenty years. Those opinions, as every person involved in law enforcement —or law-breaking—knows, make it very difficult to deal with ordinary criminals. They make it impossible to deal effectively with urban terror. Stopping urban terror requires the extensive use of informers, every sort of concealed surveillance, the speediest kind of follow-up actions, preventive detention and denial of bail in many cases, coordination of local and national enforcement, *intelligence and security agencies, and the out*lawing of both the terrorist groups and their political cover organizations. The local police, prosecutors, juries and judges, who directly confront the action and actors, are beginning to realize this, but they cannot get very far under the doctrines prevailing in the appellate jurisdictions, most crucially in the Supreme Court. The terrorists are perfectly aware of the law's impotence. On March 18 Rennie Davis of the Chicago Seven—convicted and sentenced to jail on a riot-incitement charge and for repeated contempt, but free as a lark by an appellate court's decision—told five hundred Columbia students that the 1960s were the time of sit-ins, and the 1970s "the time to burn the banks." Why shouldn't a convicted criminal and avowed believer in violent, total revolution thus spread his message? Hasn't the Court told him he is only exercising his right to freedom of speech? Hasn't Justice of the Supreme Court William O. Douglas just published a book to assure him that "today's Establishment is the new George III"?

There have already been more than a hundred politically motivated bombings this year. How soon, one may wonder, will the Latin American-style snatchings begin? How would it be, for a starter, to pick up the chief executive of IBM, General Motors or AT&T—or, still more fun, a Supreme Court Justice—as hostage against release of the Black Panther Thirteen?

THE WEEK

■ ALUMNAE NOTES: Diana Oughton, identified by a finger print as one of the bomb technicians blown up with the House on 11th Street, was a Bryn Mawr graduate. So also, Kathy Boudin, one of the girls who faded away. Cathlyn Wilkerson, who faded with her, was a Swarthmore product.

■ DID NO ONE THINK IT ODD that Vance Hartke (D., Ind.), charter member of the Senate dove-cote, perfect scorer in the ADA ratings, condemner of Clement Haynsworth, should have championed the junk-mail cause? In January 1965 he wangled his way on to the Post Office Committee; a month later he led the fight to postpone the deadline for bulk mailers to use Zip codes; in 1967 he opposed a hike in bulk mail rates (suggesting that air-mail rates be boosted instead). Only now

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IMPORTANT

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doing Good to others, and to them self-love and social were the same. It was only by degrees that they fell from their primal State of Innocence and became the unhappy Creatures that they are today; and for this Change the Houyhnhnms themselves must take most of the blame. The Yahoos were the Victims of the Society that the Houyhnhnms had created. . . . Hence, all Houyhnhnms ought to feel guilty, and especially about the Red-haired Yahoos; since those were the strongest and least cunning, they had been made to work the hardest.

Among the rising generation of Houyhnhnms, even poetry has been debased by adulation of the New Yahoos. Skewbald, the leading spirit of this youth movement, mumbles his doctrine of creativity: " 'Copulation, h'man, pure Copulation,' he answered, 'that is all we sing'; and he went on to quote by way of Illustration a long Poem, which described in minute Detail how Stallions leapt on their Mares in Spring, in divers Positions. . . ."

The Yahoos are trying to tell the Houyhnhnms something, Skewbald declares: "No, we younger People think that we have much to learn from the Yahoos; as in the Field of Art, so in the Fields of Procreation and Politicks, they have a Message for us." Skewbald urges the Yahoos on to greater demands, but initially the majority of the Houyhnhnms refuse to grant the Yahoos permanent status in the Assembly. A champion of the high old Houyhnhnm virtue is the Dapple Grey, who notes that the spirit of the age is against him; he describes the illusions of the rising generation:

> They have given up the Horse-Sense of their Ancestors for the New Sensibility, and have traded Reason for what they falsely interpret as Nature. . . . It is the duty of a Houyhnhnm to rid his Mind of all the Passions, of which the most degrading is Fear. But the Mind of Chestnut is clouded with the Passions of Fear, Guilt, Doubt, and the Desire to be flattered by the Young.

In the end, the nervousness of the older generation of the Houyhnhnms, and the fatuity of the younger, betray them totally to the Yahoos. The Dapple Grey and his party are dispersed by violence; while the Master, the Chestnut, and their faction submit to the coarsest indignities of the Yahoos. As the commonwealth dissolves, Gulliver flees in horror. "Then during a Lull in the Battle, I turned my gaze to the Centre of the Assembly-Place, and there saw a singular Event: the Master, the Chestnut, and their Party were rolling in the dirt and eating thereof, with evident Satisfaction, surrounded by a Mob of jeering Yahoos."

So it went at Cornell, and so it is going today at British universities. Yet conceivably our younger Houyhnhnms —though certainly not our Yahoos— may be moved to reflection by the narrative of this revived Gulliver. □

The Unheavenly City
By Edward C. Banfield
Little, Brown, 308 pp., $6.95

'THINKING MAY MAKE IT SO'

J. BERNARD BURNHAM

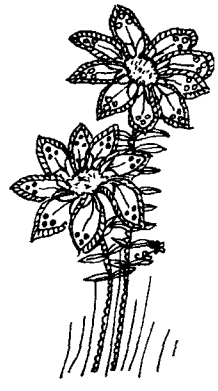
Those who enter temples to smash false images do well to prepare themselves for the fury of enraged worshipers. No doubt Professor Banfield (Urban Government at Harvard) knows what he is in for, but that won't reduce the outrage and hysteria, the out-of-context quotations and academic counterattacks, his book will generate. Educators, welfare workers, black militants, white clergymen, labor leaders—the Professor has profaned their cherished beliefs and pet programs.

The crisis in our cities, *The Unheavenly City* demonstrates, is manufactured, created by ever-rising standards of what is "acceptable." The problems that do exist—crime, slums, riots, unemployment and deteriorating school systems—are not primarily the result of "white racism," but a natural and inevitable expression of lower-class culture. These problems are neither new nor of such major proportions that crash programs and "Freedom Budgets" are needed to solve them.

And they certainly will not "be solved by programs of the sort now being undertaken or contemplated. On the contrary, the tendency of these programs will be to prolong the problems and perhaps even make them worse . . . [but this] does not necessarily mean that calamity impends . . . hard as it may be for a nation of inveterate problem-solvers to believe, social problems sometimes disappear in the normal course of events." This attitude quite clearly is heresy of the first magnitude, even if the heretic is liberal with his use of qualifiers. If it were not for a variety of recent difficulties, one would be inclined to dismiss Professor Banfield's book as a passing aberration, a momentary spark of light and reason in a period when collective guilt is dangerously impairing our ability to interpret the world objectively. But I suspect that this deliberately provocative book merely represents the final step of Phase One of a new approach to our urban problems: a summing up of exactly what the problems are.

FOR EXAMPLE, consider the high school "drop-out problem." So long as the public school system is intended to be an educational institution, attempting to force lower-class (present-oriented) children into a middle-class (future-oriented) institution, it is bound to yield mutually disastrous results: Teachers become disciplinarians rather than educators; future-oriented students are denied the opportunity of quality education; and, worst of all, a large number of lower-class children, for whom formal education is meaningless, end up embittered and frustrated, even if they graduate with a diploma for time-serving.

How does this square with the traditional view that schooling is the principal vehicle for upward mobility?



Banfield replies that "children who are stimulated into mobility in school are ones whose initial class culture permits or encourages —perhaps even demands — mobility." And he has plenty of citations to back him up. In short, the school drop-out problem is one we have created by establishing a ridiculously late school-leaving age and by attaching a stigma to those who fail to graduate.

An intriguing and fundamental question which Banfield can only touch on is why Americans have displayed increased feelings of social "guilt" at the discrepancy between constantly increasing standards of what is "acceptable" and our actual accomplishments. The real and present danger is that enough people may take this talk of social guilt seriously and decide that our society is one for which they can have no respect and in which they can place no trust. →

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Banfield's brief answer—that the phenomenon is explained by the mass movement of people from working class to middle class—is not satisfactory. These people comprise the base of President Nixon's support and, as the Vice President's speeches and the response to them have made clear, they have remained relatively immune from this worst of all social diseases. Those most affected by "social guilt" tend to be found in the liberal intellectual Establishment, hardly a middle-class stronghold. With the collapse of religion ("Lord, speak but the word and my soul shall be healed"), it may be that only collective suicide resulting from an intolerable feeling of guilt will satisfy the longing for salvation.

PROFESSOR BANFIELD suggests that if there is any problem of crisis dimensions today, it is one of "thinking may make it so." This is especially true where the subject is race. Racial discrimination has been reduced dramatically in recent years and will continue to decline at an accelerating rate. Most of what passes for "racial discrimination" today can be explained by factors other than race, an assertion that is carefully documented. But the use of "false public definitions" of what our problems are, ascribing, for example, bad housing, bad schools and bad jobs for Negroes, to racial discrimination may be tragically self-fulfilling. The endless and nauseating accusations by riot-investigating government commissions that racial discrimination was a fundamental cause of the events undoubtedly makes it easier for lower-class adolescents—who happen to be Negroes—to pick up rocks when the next opportunity for disorder arises, and thus provide further fuel to inflame existing white prejudices.

It may now be apparent why this book is more than just a passing aberration of an eccentric academic. The parallel between Professor Banfield's analysis and Presidential counselor Moynihan's famous "benign neglect" memorandum is clear. Banfield himself has played an important role as chairman of Presidential task forces on urban affairs and model cities and as a consultant to the White House on the welfare question (the evidence here suggests he is highly skeptical of the President's family-assistance proposal). This book was on many a White House desk before publication date.

A new approach to urban (i.e., most domestic) problems is beginning to take hold in Washington. At the moment the change is most obvious on the White House level, which means that only a fraction of the battle has been won. The Bureau of the Budget and the

vast departmental bureaucracies tend to remain strongholds of the conventional wisdom. But with constant pressure from the top, normal attrition from below, and an occasional blast from Professor Banfield, we should be well on our way to constructive public policies for urban America by the middle of the second Nixon Administration. □

FICTION

A Sentimental Journey
By Viktor Shklovsky
Translated from the Russian by Richard Sheldon
Cornell, 304 pp., $10

Vital Parts
By Thomas Berger
Baron, 448 pp., $6.95

This Thing Don't Lead to Heaven
By Harry Crews
Morrow, 186 pp., $5.95

RADIANT CONTEMPT

GUY DAVENPORT

The great ideological sin to which Russian writers are prone is Formalism. Before it became a sin, it was a literary movement emphasizing irony, objective distance from one's subject, precision of imagery, wit and, most of all, economy and severity of form. The master of the Formalists was, naturally enough for the looking-glass imagination of the Russians, the begetter of Tristram Shandy, the great English novelist Lavrenty Styern. The founder of Formalism is Viktor Shklovsky who at 77 is still hale, still writing, and, as Russian freedom goes, still free. His career has involved judicious exiles from time to time, and it has of course involved a disavowal of his Formalist sins.

Shklovsky's Formalist masterpiece, *A Sentimental Journey*, named for Lavrenty Styern's lesser work, was written in Berlin and published there, in Russian, in 1923. It has also been published in Russia in 1924 and 1929, both times in censored versions. The present translation is of the un-Sovietized Berlin edition.

Shklovsky is a disciple worthy of Sterne. He has appropriated the device of infinitely delayed events, of the digression helplessly promising to return to the point, and of disguising his superbly controlled art with a breezy nonchalance. But it is not really Sterne that Shklovsky sounds like: it is an intellectual and witty Hemingway. Like Hemingway he was a peripheral figure following a war which he intended to write down. Where Hemingway is grim, Shklovsky is sardonic; and surely Hemingway would have been too wowed by the occasion to tell us, as Shklovsky does with electrifying objectivity, what it feels like to have a bomb blow up in one's hands.

AND HEMINGWAY would not have known what to do with the Rev. William Shedd, an American missionary in Persia who rides in and out of Shklovsky's descriptions of battles and marches in his buckboard, Old Glory flying from the whipstand, medical supplies and Bible at the ready. Aissors, Turks, Kurds and several other heathen nations were slaughtering each other in Persia in 1917 while the Russian army moved among them as a superior and slightly more barbarous force, scattering the great news from Leningrad. Through all this red turmoil the Rev. Shedd rode with imperturbable courage and grace, gathering up children, speaking his mind to generals, and walking into pogroms armed with his umbrella only, to shake his finger in the face of barbarian chieftains whose manners were alluded to but briefly, if at all, in the seminary. Shedd is the book's moral counterweight, more important to Shklovsky's account of the Revolution than whole battalions of proud Cossacks.

Shklovsky's *A Sentimental Journey* is at once a history (this dimension is well served by Sidney Monas' long historical introduction), a key document in the history of literature (as the preface by

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the translator makes clear) and a novel of great force and sensitivity.

Shklovsky is himself a fascinating figure, surviving the Revolution only to land in the clutches of the Cheka, from whom he escaped to Finland and eventually Germany. An intercession by Gorky brought him home, where he had to weather the condemnation of his art as a crime against the state. And yet (who knows how?) he continued to write; we can guess at what cost to his soul. His career is like that of the film-makers Kyleshov, Dovchenko and Vertov, all heroic masters of the Russian film and all guilty Formalists. Vertov continued to make films by pasting together the discarded footage of Eisenstein and others (reduced as he was to mere studio technician) and these highly inventive works have only recently made their furtive way out of the Soviet Union. For half a century Russia has been like Byzantium under the Turks, both a prison and a treasure-house of inaccessible wonders.

MR. BERGER'S *Vital Parts* completes a trilogy begun twelve years ago. *Crazy in Berlin* recounted the adventures of the trilogy's protagonist Carlo Reinhart in the United States Army—a rambunctious novel full of inscrutable Germans, unlovable Russians, black marketeers and thoroughly confused Americans. Because Mr. Berger is a comic novelist of frightening talent and chooses to display humanity in all of its gaudy foolishness, he can wring more juicy mortality out of his characters than any five ordinary novelists working together day and night.

Comedy is probably the grandfather of the arts, no matter what the professors say. Mimesis begins in impudence, and develops its powers by achieving a deadlier and more faithful imitation of its original. Tragedy begins with the witch doctor sacrificing his goat, but the scamp who gives his side-splitting imitation of the witch doctor for the sheer hilarity of it is the first comedian. This does not mean that the comedian doesn't stand in utter awe of the witch doctor at proper and auspicious times; it means merely that man is a laughing animal, and that laughter has always been rich in understanding and even sympathy.

Mr. Berger is a comedian whose understanding of humanity is devilishly well informed and splendidly impartial. Nothing is exempt from the splash of his laughter. The result is an amazing universality. If Tolstoy could never have kept a straight face, he would have been Thomas Berger. He would have understood everybody and everything with that appalling ability to grasp all at a glance, but instead of the tragic gaze that made him Tolstoy, a broad grin would have spread over his face, and his novels would have danced with idiocy.

Reinhart in Love (1962) brings Carlo Reinhart home from the war, marries him to a rasp-tongued woman of unwrinkled brain, and spins him through several attempts to be a businessman.

Now, in *Vital Parts*, Reinhart is 44. His wife is shriller than ever, his daughter is fat and friendless, and his son is long-haired, Left and as spoiled a brat as they come nowadays—and the competition is high. But Reinhart's family is only the beginning of his middle-aged jitters. He falls in with an old school pal who is about to break into the immortality racket (frozen corpses for later resurrection), and stands to be the first customer. Splendor Mainwaring, the elate disciple of Dr. Goodykuntz the mind-widener, is back too—*his* son is a Black Panther. And the wonderments never cease: there are hippies, gangsters, German scientists, Boy Scout assassins and what-have-you—a tabloid paper's dream of a perfect day come true.

Surely Mr. Berger's Reinhart Trilogy stands well against all contenders as the definitive comic portrait of our time.

HARRY CREWS is also a comic novelist of magnificent gifts. His first novel, *The Gospel Singer*, was a frenetic sideshow of Georgia poor white trash and their *Hochkultur*—the faith-healer, the electronic guitar, the lavender, tail-finned Buick with all its windows busted out, a theology that makes a hippie out of St. Thomas Aquinas, an addiction to patent medicines, catatonic sermons and knife fights.

His second novel, *Naked in Garden Hills*, amplified the matter of the first, searching out stranger perversions and darker roots in the heart. The impact of these two studies of the monstrosity of things has either dulled our response, or Mr. Crews is writing too fast. Were *This Thing Don't Lead to Heaven* not in the neon glare of its predecessors, it would stand out as an extraordinary novel. Alas, it begins to be repetitious, and gluts the imagination. Still, it has some fine touches, and one's time is certainly not wasted by giving oneself up to Harry Crews to be told what happens when a voodoo refugee from Cuba lands in an old folks home in Georgia, falls for the dwarf masseur, and becomes otherwise entangled in the daily life of Georgia Baptists. □

Esquire's History of the Sixties, Smiling Through the Apocalypse
By Harold Hayes
McCall, 981 pp., $12.50

THE PLASTIC EXPLODING INEVITABLE

CHRISTOPHER NICHOLS

During the past decade, more unsolicited, tendentious, weak-minded and cleverly crafted information was firehosed at Americans than any time in history. Given the media acceleration of the Sixties, it could hardly be otherwise. This book reflects that trend, in its sheer size (almost a thousand pages), its genesis (selected *Esquire* articles of the Sixties reprinted in a book) and in its content (coming to that). The title, if you'll pardon the expression, is right on—quintessential Esky. "It was a decade of trauma and triumph," burbles Esky's promo for the book, "insanely creative, often appalling."

Yes, indeed, and "Smiling through . . ." brings it all back in groaning technicolor prose: Assassinations, murder sprees, war, riot, the bloodbaths and the sideshows all captured in poised print. It made me feel that the decade was also one of highly refined journalistic haruspicy—mysteries divined by reading the sacrificial victim's entrails. Not birds, mind you: people. And they didn't have to be dead, though many obligingly were, before astute socio-political honchos were mucking about making notes among the steaming viscera, surmising, codifying, distilling essences. Literate guys, too. Pros. The national shrinks. →

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Haruspex, with all the acculturated assiduity of a Borgia rehashing last week's slaughter of contrary kinfolk. That's what they practiced, gum-shoeing around down there in what they wished us to suppose was the American psyche —the thing that killed the Kennedys and Dr. King, the thing they called "The Dark Side of LBJ," the thing whose sinister heft and odor nobody knew better than Norman Mailer, the Plastic Exploding Inevitable only a Tom Wolfe could transfer to paper, the volumes told in Lee Harvey Oswald's childish scrawl. The *New Yorker*, I think, really started this, but *Esquire* has been a front-runner too.

I LOVE READING Norman Mailer's inspired bullshit (he finds more meaning in the entrails' byproducts than most haruspices find in the entrails); no one has so successfully concocted total myth disguised and crusading as Truth nor so convincingly seduced us into recognizing that this myth is more fascinating than the truth. I like Tom Wolfe's gassy, galloping prose and those typographical cherry-bombs, the vividly detailed deluge of deception he dumps on you: the way it REALLY is! It's well written stuff: Gore Vidal, doing his dainty scalpel job, like a loving vasectomy, on the Kennedy clan; Tom Wicker, the undertaker who has discovered how to make the corpse's smile look actually life-like, doing "Kennedy without Tears."

Sixty versions of the JFK killing. Oswald's letters (mom's footnotes). Errol Flynn's teen-age punching bag kissing his gravestone. East Village hippie murders. Rex Reed checking out Ava Gardner like my nephew checks the dead gopher going to dust behind the garage. Adam Clayton Powell on "The Duties and Responsibilities of a Congressman to the United States." "Soul!" "Happenings." "The Segs." Most of this cannot be kissed off as glancing brilliance, personal obsession or daisy-chain nepotism within the business. These are what we consider some of the best writers around. One can bitch at the Literary Mafia (as Truman Capote called it) but it bewilders with its incredible consistency. Just because there are voices doesn't mean they speak truly, one can soothe. True, but these are *the* voices—these and many like them. I don't really think they have a lot to say but they do it beautifully. Maybe it was the ads. I missed them a lot. □

The Secret Lives of Lawrence of Arabia
By Phillip Knightley and Colin Simpson
McGraw-Hill, 333 pp., $8.95

THE UNKNOWN LAWRENCE

FRANCIS RUSSELL

I must admit that the post-Arabian T. E. Lawrence, the pseudonymous private in the Tank Corps, the aircraftsman in the RAF, has interested me far more than the Prince of Mecca legend that really owed its worldwide dissemination to Lowell Thomas' assiduous lecturings, and that afterward became fixed in the sumptuous pages of *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. For all the sensation that it created at the time, for all the uncritical praise it called forth, that book falls far short of its great model, Charles Doughty's *Arabia Deserta*. To my mind *The Mint*, Lawrence's postwar record of life in the ranks, is the greater book, although I am not sure that anyone who has not experienced barrack life can really grasp it.

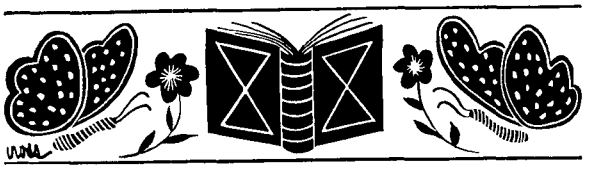
I first became interested in Lawrence beyond the *Seven Pillars* stage when, as a private in the Canadian army in the early part of World War II, I happened to pick up his *Letters* at a remainder counter in Montreal. Evenings before lights-out I used to lie on my top section of a double-decker bunk leafing through them, particularly that section called by the editor, David Garnett, "The Years of Hide and Seek."

Why did Lawrence after his years of fame turn to the years of anonymity? To me, in my own anonymity, the answer, as I read, seemed clear. What else could he really have done? Could one imagine him a don, a peacetime officer, a gentleman farmer, a civil servant, a city man, a writer of novels? The austere road that he took went beyond all these paths. "Asceticism," said Doughty, "is a sharp knife to cut away the very substance of man's faulty afflictions." and Lawrence himself wrote that army life was "the only modern equivalent of monasticism." Often I pondered on that remark. Though I had neither a religious nor a military vocation, I found a satisfaction in my barrack life that I had not known before. It was a hard life, a dull life, in many ways senseless. Yet what it did offer was existence reduced to its bare essentials, stripped of the impedimenta and irrelevancies and fripperies of civilian life.

ONCE ON LEAVE I managed to get to Washington and read the copy of *The Mint* in the Library of Congress. The book was not published until fourteen years later, but to protect its copyright three copies of a private edition had been offered for sale in the United States at half a million dollars each, and as required by law a copy deposited at the Library of Congress. I read it in the Delta room, that section of the library devoted to the dubious, and presided over by elderly vestals guaranteed to discourage all but the most resolute reader. When I tried to take notes, one of them confiscated my pencil. But even in that brief reading, *The Mint*—after my own experience of barrack life—seemed to come about as close as a man could to the actuality of experience through the imperfect medium of words.

From the first chapter of *The Seven Pillars* and from the tenor of certain of his letters it seemed to me that Lawrence was an invert, that he had realized his ambivalent nature and treated it as an affliction, suppressing any manifestations of it. He had preferred men to women, he had found an abiding emotional satisfaction in barrack existence, in guiding and helping the more shapeable of the castoffs who made up the ranks of the two services. Beyond friendship his relations did not go. In 1935, a few weeks after his years of service had ended, he was killed in a motorcycle accident—a deliberate courting of death, so it seemed to me, for just two days after his discharge he wrote to a friend: "My losing the RAF numbs me, so that I haven't much feeling to spare for the while. In fact I find myself wishing all the time that my own curtain would fall."

A continuum of books about Law-



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rence for twenty years after his death merely expanded and enhanced the legend, at least until the appearance of Richard Aldington's dissenting biography in which he denied significance to the Arabian adventure, accused Lawrence of being homosexual and, for the first time, made public the fact of Lawrence's illegitimacy. Lawrence's mother, still alive when Aldington's book appeared, announced that he deserved a horsewhipping.

One who observed his pledged silence until after the mother's death was Lawrence's servant, confidant and friend John Bruce. Bruce was a tough Scotsman of nineteen when Lawrence engaged him in 1922. Lawrence claimed that his own life was subject to the arbitrary control of an authoritarian relative whom he called The Old Man and from whom he kept receiving letters of admonition and instruction. Bruce believed, and apparently still believes, in this mythical figure. At times The Old Man would order a ritual birching of his delinquent relative, and Bruce with much distaste would apply the rod to Lawrence's bared buttocks.

In all verifiable details Bruce's story of his association with Lawrence has been proved accurate. His original account, told to two English journalists, Phillip Knightley and Colin Simpson, caused a sensation in the *London Sunday Times* two years ago and they have now incorporated it in *The Secret Lives of Lawrence of Arabia*. The Bruce episode is only one facet of the Knightley-Simpson book. For the authors, stimulated by Bruce's story, have proceeded to re-examine the whole Lawrence legend. This they have been able to do the more successfully since documents and sources closed off to earlier biographers have been made available to them.

Lawrence's brother, who had authorized the publication of *The Mint*, allowed them access to the Lawrence letters in Oxford's Bodleian Library that had supposedly been sealed off until the year 2000. More important even than these were the state documents in the Public Record Office. Until 1968 it had been the government's policy to keep such documents secret for fifty years, but in that year the interval was shortened to thirty. New material also became available in the Indian government archives as well as in the Scottish Record Office and from several private sources. The authors even managed to interview the family and read the diaries of the Turkish Bey of Deraa whom Lawrence, in *The Seven Pillars*, accused of so brutally mistreating him as a prisoner. This episode they now consider a myth. They have also established the identity of the mysterious S. A. of *The Seven Pillars*' dedicatory poem—S. A. being Salim Ahmed, nicknamed Dahoum, who was once Lawrence's camel-boy and who became his friend and through him a secret agent who died in the British service in World War I.

Though Knightley and Simpson leave little of the Lawrence legend intact, theirs is by no means a debunking biography. Rather than the Uncrowned King of Arabia, they see Lawrence as the last of the Kiplingesque British Empire builders, whose goal in his Arabian adventure was "that the Arabs should be our first brown dominion." Even *The Mint*, it turns out, is more novelistic than I had realized. Lawrence at the bottom of the heap never lost contact with the top. As for his suicide, Knightley and Simpson do not hold with it at all, although I for one am not so certain. What is certain is that Lawrence will never seem the romantic figure again that he still did before the publication of *The Secret Lives*. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Quotations from Chairman Bill, *The Best of William F. Buckley Jr., compiled by David Franke (Arlington House, 306 pp., $6.95)*. Franke has put together the conservative's *vade mecum*, an alphabetical collection of William Buckley's observations on every subject from Academic Cranks to Young Americans for Freedom. Sadly, there is no Z. Quotations range from a couple of paragraphs to a single sentence, and they cover Mr. Buckley's thinking from 1955 to the present day. Everything he has written has been combed for Franke's quotations—his books, fifteen years of National Review, his odd articles and speeches, his newspaper column, "On the Right." Eight hundred and eighty quotations altogether—a feast of Buckley for the connoisseur.

F. S. MEYER

Night of the Grizzlies, *by Jack Olsen (Putnam, $6.95)*. In a sense this is an absorbing detective story. We know the victims, two young women, and the killer or killers (only one bear of four suspects had human remains in its stomach) from reading our newspapers in the summer of 1967. But why and how did the grizzly come to kill at Granite Park Chalet at about 12:30 A.M. on the night of August 12, and twenty miles away on the other side of a 9,000-foot wall of rock at Trout Lake at 4:30 A.M.—the first recorded bear fatalities in over fifty years in Glacier National Park? The surface causes are skilfully traced—the bureaucratic delay and buck-passing in destroying an obviously rogue bear, the careless infraction of National Park Service rules on attracting bears through garbage (grizzlies feeding are a tremendous, though hazardous, tourist attraction), the location of a public camp site in the midst of the bears' favorite huckleberry feeding area. Mr. Olsen is eloquent on the larger question, the basic antagonism between grizzly and man. In one of his last refuges, Glacier National Park, the grizzly is being crowded: *one million* people visit Glacier Park each brief summer season. At a still deeper level, national park policy contradicts itself: a recreational use of the wilderness is at odds with preservation of the wilderness, as the sociologist Arnold Green has forcefully pointed out. Roads, campsites, sanitary facilities, provide access and urban comfort for the sheer mass who, willynilly, destroy.

E. MERRITT

The Garlic Tree, *by Ellen Bromfield Geld (Doubleday, 432 pp., $6.95)*. Louis Bromfield's daughter Ellen and her businessman husband gave up the suburban life in the mid-Fifties and moved to Brazil where they bought a coffee plantation. It was the same kind of back-to-the-earth need that had impelled Bromfield himself to move to Malabar Farm. And there in Brazil, for the past sixteen years, Ellen Geld has occupied herself bringing up a large family and writing a weekly column for a local paper. She has also written a first-rate novel of life on a Brazilian *fazenda*. She has the countryman's eye and ear for nature, for the changing of the seasons, the movement of birds in the trees, the long shadow that heralds dusk. She has the novelist's eye and ear for dialogue, for character development, for the complex interrelationships among friends and families, between masters and men. *The Garlic Tree* is the story of a long and loving marriage between an American girl and a Brazilian owner of a cattle ranch somewhere beyond the last frontier. It reaches its climax in the days of the last revolution when the women of Brazil, and the army, sent demagogic President Goulart into exile, a far away political development that brought tragedy to the peaceful dwellers of Pau D'Alho. Mrs. Geld has written a stylish novel about people you care about and will remember long after you've closed the book.

P. L. BUCKLEY

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 387)

we can't use the time it will allegedly save us: Already, in flights that cross many time zones, professional travelers have learned that they are unable to function well until their internal clocks have reset themselves. Businessmen traveling to Europe are usually forbidden by their companies to make major decisions for two to three days after arrival. The President makes similar time arrangements, as do his emissaries, for the same reason. I refer Mr. Burnham to the work on circadian rhythms, for example by Dr. H. Strughold.

Second, it is quite clear that tiny exhaust particles deposited in the layer of the atmosphere where the SSTs must travel will remain there for an immensely long time, perhaps permanently. Sufficient amounts of exhaust particles deposited there are fully capable of changing the ratio of ultraviolet and infrared transmitted downwards, thereby changing the earth's surface temperature.

Third, despite anxious research, there is no evidence that the sonic boom can be reduced at ground level to anything less than the decibel level of extremely loud thunder, probably higher. Emotions aside, I know of no one who is fond of noises of that intensity, and for good physiological reason.

Finally, there is no adequate protection for the passengers in the event of loss of cabin pressure. Below a certain minimum level of atmospheric pressure, even the breathing of pure oxygen, *à la* the mask dropping from the ceiling on the standard jets, is totally insufficient to prevent loss of consciousness, and, if unrelieved, brain damage. This is so approximately above 40,000 feet. The SST will have to travel somewhere between 65,000 and 80,000 feet. Worse, sudden loss of cabin pressure at those altitudes produces instant decompression sickness of "bends," entailing extreme joint pain, air embolism to heart, lungs and brain, with possibly irreversible damage to those organs.

Now then, Mr. Burnham, you were saying?

Great Bend, Kan. JAMES W. WIGGS MD

Let us agree we do not "need" the SST. In precisely the same sense we do not need electric power, automobiles, power saws, air conditioners, paintings, pretty clothes, music, toys, trips to the moon, the Arctic or Mt. Everest, refrigerators, TV, wine, typewriters, the wheel. . . . The list can be prolonged by the millions, for we do not "need" 99.99 . . .% of what we create, produce, and for better or worse, possess. There are more and stranger needs in the human psyche than the doctrinaire philosophies are willing to recognize.

It is noteworthy that the arguments of opponents bear, logically, on the SST in

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general, on the concept of the SST, not specifically on development and production of an American SST. But the argument "in general" has already been lost. The SST, two versions of it, already *exists and flies. As a matter of fact, thousands of supersonic aircraft have existed for years and are flying thousands of times daily, in spite of all the biological clocks and microns and sonic boom and decompression troubles. It seems brutal to say to the opponents that they are going to have to accept the SST whether they like it or not. It seems brutal, but it is true. The only choice we Americans have left is whether there will be an American-made model among the commercial supersonic planes. By declining to build an American plane neither the world nor we would escape whatever evils supersonic travel may hold in store. To those evils we Americans would find added the catastrophic technological, economic and political consequences of our abdication.*

And does Mr. Husbands really feel we should have waited until the private market was ready to finance the first trip to the moon? —JB

Conserve the Cranes!

This long-time subscriber can no longer bear in silence your conservative journal's repeated slams at conservation efforts. The editorial exercise "To Air is Human; To Neglect, Benign" [March 24] with its flippant inclusion of "Whooping Cranes, Florida Alligators" did it.

Government neglect of Whooping Cranes and alligators would bring a result not benign but irrevocably fatal to the two species.

If, as it would appear, that possibility fails to affect NATIONAL REVIEW, I can only suggest that a heart unmoved at the sight and sound of wild cranes dancing and indifferent to their chances for survival must be as dull and spiritually dead as the sort of clod who would scoff at the legacies of Beethoven and Michelangelo.

After the flood at Florence NATIONAL REVIEW directed no censure at attempts to rescue—at great cost—valued and irreplaceable elements of our *cultural* heritage; let us have an equal appreciation for our *natural* heritage. After all, what does that word "conservative" mean?

Rockford, Ill. WILLIAM M. SHEPHERD

Here We Go Again

The "poetry" of Mr. von Dreele in your March 24 issue revealed to me your grade school mentality. I am referring to the poem entitled, "Margaret Mead Goes to Pot." More distressing than the intellectual level, was the outright fascist attitude displayed. You, who are supposedly trying to protect freedom in this country, would like to shoot an individual for her opinions.

Goleta, Calif. CONNIE MCDOWELL

Would you believe hanging? —ED.

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

FILLER, ILL[INOIS] SCHOOL BOARD BIMONTHLY

(*Illinois School Board Journal*)

A Dutchman was explaining the red, white and blue Netherlands flag to an American. "Our flag is symbolic of our taxes. . . . We get red when we talk about them, white when we get our tax bills . . . blue after we pay." The American nodded, ". . . It's the same in the United States, only we see stars too."

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MELVIN

(Continued from page 410)

illiterate kind. It is sadly true that youth, having been bidden to give their education a whole soul's tasking, often find that their guerdon is the $100,000 a graduate earns over the average working life more than the degree-benefit. But this deplorable drift will not be corrected by allowing every student to assemble his own do-it-yourself educational kit; rather will it be hastened.

Yet this appears to be the objective of campus activists who stage their now endemic Saint Bartholomew Days, aided and abetted by rogue faculty-members who wish to be ingratiating. Judging by these sit-ins and teach-ins, which are no more than moving ignorance about, these would-be managers of American education consist chiefly of fanatical socialists wanting instant utopia; pacifists demanding unilateral brotherly love; collectivists who want welfare without work or work without competence, or both in tandem; religionists with no sense of schism; perfectionists with little or no knowledge of either human nature or of public affairs; and purveyors of political snake-oil who expect the university to encourage their huckstering. There are others—the simple-minded who ought not to be in a university at all, and who constitute the enraptured audience when chapels are liberated, buildings captured, and the business of learning brought to a halt.

Of course, among this motley mob of ragged-trousered philanthropists there is a further residual minority of splendid young people who may indeed be a prophetic voice and certainly are a university's chief non-wasting asset —as faculty tends to be. One simply asks what they are doing in such intellectually disreputable company, misdirecting their energies upon wrong targets and acquiring confusion by association with those for whom democracy is identified with those who shout the loudest.

Now that America has mounted democracy and been run away with; now that there is something reprehensible in educating for excellence the highly gifted as the hope of the future; now that universities are called upon to assuage the guilt of the nation by waiving entrance qualifications for blacks; now that the idea of a university as a community of scholars is as antique as antimacassars and hansom cabs; now that academic hierarchy is indicted as a sin when everybody knows that some people know more, reflect more profoundly, and teach better than others do—after all this, sansculottism is obviously the sovereign remedy for which the world waits.

The worst woes of the American people obviously arise not from the fact that over 90 per cent of its workforce has no more than high schooling and less than 50 per cent have gone beyond the eighth grade. Oh, no: On the testimony of student radicals it isn't worth going any higher—unless it be on their terms, whatever they are. So the United States must brace itself for educational control by simplistic student slogans that reduce this whole vast benefice to a mere psychic crutch for any and every dead-end theory that ignorance, inexperience and waywardness can devise for the undoing of the life of the mind.

The Greeks of antiquity had a proverb: "If an ass gaze into a pool, a god cannot gaze out of it." □

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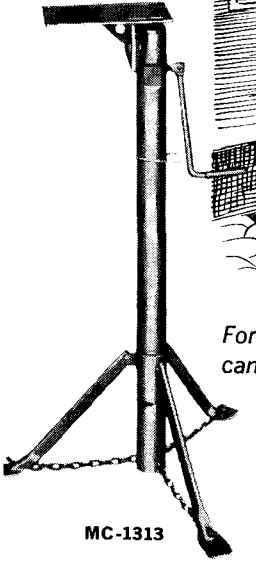

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Notes from a Strikebreaker

On The Right

New York, March 28—At this writing the word is reassuring about the postal strike, so it is time for the post mortems. They will appear (as in this column), but just as surely, they will be forgotten. It is hard to remember when last the nation mobilized itself in order to prevent the recurrence of a commonly acknowledged outrage.

The point of the matter is that a society cannot function which extends to its civil servants the right to immobilize that society. It is as plain as that. The right of a citizen of the United States to communicate with another citizen, whether his mother, his boss or his supplier, is about as close to an absolute right as exists. The postal workers never struck before, no doubt in tacit recognition of the sacredness of their responsibility. But defiance is in season, and it can hardly be expected that they should exercise the restraint that others have not recognized. It is no more against the law for the postman to strike than for the teacher in New York City, who struck and got away with it. It is, I suppose, especially ironic that it was the teachers' union in New York that conducted the last, most spectacular strike in the country. After a couple of months of which the teachers returned to their classrooms to pursue the teaching of civic virtue.

WHAT WE NEED is a means of devising a decent answer to the economic question of whether we owe sympathy to a particular striker. Because in the absence of that knowledge, enough Americans will sympathize with the striker to undermine the will to enforce no-strike laws. As, for instance, in the current case involving postmen in New York City, or, to take another example, the striking motormen who paralyzed New York on January 1, 1966. It is widely acknowledged that pay for postal carriers in New York City is simply insufficient. The argument that an alternative is for the postmen simply to quit, is strategically sound but not tactically sound. In the long run the postmen will quit if wages are insufficient. But in the short run, especially if they feel the lure of collective action, they will attempt a form of tactical resistance—striking. What government—and the public—needs is a reliable measure of whether the essential demands of any group of public employees are just.

SOME TIME after the motormen's strike, Professor Yale Brozen of the University of Chicago suggested a formula. In a moderately fluid society, he observed, there is going to be job movement: That continual quitting of one job in search for a better one, the whole operation resulting in an ongoing series of adjustments and readjustments whose concatenation is called the free market. Now it is impossible, Mr. Brozen points out, to say about any particular employee that he is overpaid or underpaid, because the variables in his job situation are almost impossible for any person other than himself to evaluate competently. Perhaps in one situation the pay is apparently poor—but the fringe benefits high. Or perhaps the working conditions are especially pleasant. Or perhaps the prospects for advancement are good. And so on.

The only reliable guide, said Mr. Brozen, is the rate of replacement, as compared with the rate of replacement of employees in a roughly comparable situation. If, for instance, the Post Office in New York City loses 15 per cent of its employees to other jobs in the course of a year, compared to say 5 per cent who pull out of the Telephone Company, then moderately reliable conclusions can be drawn, and there is at least a prima facie case to suggest either that the Telephone Company is greatly overpaying, or that the Post Office is greatly underpaying. Bring in the figures for a half-dozen other service industries, so as to establish a base; and a profile emerges.

Surely an effort ought to be made by which, with reference to Brozen's formula, the public can know instantly what is the relative economic situation of any group of public employees. If they are being underpaid, they should be raised at the beginning of every year. But a national commitment having been made to guard against such inequities, then it becomes proper to resort to draconian reprisals against public employees (or certain groups of private employees) who strike. Professor van den Haag has suggested that the only convincing deterrent is the irreversible day-by-day production of pension coupons. But whatever it is, it has got to be made to stick. One sighs at the inconceivability that the requisite measure will become law during an election year. But the time between now and the convening of the next Congress could at least be used to study the possibilities of the Brozen formula. □

THE OPTIMISM OF DR. WILL HERBERG

New York, April 1 — Dr. Will Herberg of Drew University, the sociologist, philosopher and theologian is among the world's truly wise men. His book, *Catholic, Protestant and Jew*, is by far the best known of his works, but it is only one of them. He is acclaimed by all who have studied with him as a great and humane teacher, and he is among the truly erudite men in America. Recently, only a few weeks before his hospitalization, Dr. Herberg put down some notes on the basis of which he intended to give a lecture in New York City. They are entitled, "The Crumbling of Liberal Orthodoxies." I pass them along:

1. *Whatever happened to*: the liberal gospel of unlimited permissiveness in child training?

It has given way to: a new sense of authority and discipline.

2. *Whatever happened to*: the liberal dogma of "anthropological egalitarianism"?

It has given way to: an openness to the possibility of significant ethnic-racial differences, or at least to a resumption of impartial scientific investigation.

3. *Whatever happened to*: the liberal notion of the infinite cultural malleability and total cultural determination of human nature?

It has given way to: a recognition of the pervasive influence of biological and biogenetic factors in human nature and behavior.

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4. *Whatever happened to*: the liberal rage for endless planning and incessant innovation along ideological lines?

It has given way to: a new appreciation of stability, going slow, undertaking limited tasks, brushing aside ideology.

5. *Whatever happened to*: the liberal drive for centralized power from Washington in effecting desirable programs and purposes?

It has given way to: many sided efforts to promote decentralization by emphasizing the effective role of states and localities in government as over against Washington.

6. *Whatever happened to*: the liberal philosophy of "managing" the economy by national planning and incessant governmental intervention?

It has given way to: an increasing confidence in the market mechanism for regulating the economy for the common welfare.

7. *Whatever happened to*: the liberal dream of a welfare program consisting of simply handing out money to those in need, resulting in ever-growing welfare costs in a period of continuing prosperity and falling unemployment?

It has given way to: anxious searching for something that would put welfare cases to work, strengthen family ties (instead of undermining them), and reduce welfare costs.

8. *Whatever happened to*: the liberal UN-One World utopianism?

It has given way to: a renewed reliance of national interest in diplomacy and foreign affairs.

9. *Whatever happened to*: the liberal cant about "imperialism" and "colonialism," especially in view of what has happened in Asia and Africa after Western control was lifted?

It has given way to: a growing recognition of the inevitability and constructive utility of America's imperial role.

NOW DR. HERBERG is so smart a man that he is capable of confusing the resolution of doubts in his own mind, or about the course of human experience, with the resolution of doubts by the commonality of man. There is no indication, for instance, that we are making any headway toward reducing the welfare rolls, and there are those who believe that the work feature of the Moynihan Plan is thoroughly unworkable. The intellectual community seems more strongly than ever united against the exercise of even those imperial responsibilities that are attributes of wealth and size. Still, there are currents that seem to be pulling us in a desirable direction, and Dr. Herberg might be permitted to quote John Kenneth Galbraith who said that he, after all, made his reputation by intuiting the march of events a little bit ahead of other people. □

JUDGE CARSWELL'S MEDIOCRITY

New York, April 12 — Our intelligentsia have had a wonderful time with the offhand remark of Senator Roman Hruska to the effect that if it is true that Judge Carswell is a "mediocre" legal mind, then maybe he would be especially useful to the Supreme Court. That of course is a natural for Art Buchwald, who is amusing in his treatment of such matters, and Herblock, who will be savage. It will be wonderful fodder for the next six speeches of John Kenneth Galbraith, and the next six hundred of Arthur Schlesinger.

Fair enough. But it is worth while to make a couple of points before it becomes settled doctrine that the Nixon Administration sees mediocrity as the apogee of the curve.

1. What Senator Hruska obviously intended to say was that the Warren Court got itself a reputation for legal virtuosity among those people who applauded its decisions: which decisions were not popular, for the most part, with the people of the United States. Therefore, if in order to redress the balance on the Court it becomes necessary to name to it someone who does not inhabit the peaks where the air is pure, why maybe we'd be better off stopping half way up the mountain where there is a little more oxygen. The thinking is the exact equivalent of Lincoln's on hearing that General Grant drank whisky.

2. It is true that the Warren Court became extremely popular with America's liberals. It is also true that it was popular precisely because the Court reached conclusions that were ideologically congenial to these gentlemen. As a matter of fact, the shrewdest legal minds in the land were utterly appalled by the quality of a great many of the decisions of Earl Warren and his epigoni. Alpheus Mason of Princeton, for instance, although greatly sympathetic to the decision reached in *Brown* v. *Board of Education*, tore his hair at the legal reasoning that led to it. Learned Hand, whose mind was anything but mediocre, went up to Harvard to say of Mr. Warren and his Constitutional Combo that they appeared to think of themselves as a third legislative chamber. Edward Corwin was considered probably the top constitutional expert in the land, and his opinion of the Warren Court was that it was inexpressibly slovenly.

AND IT WASN'T only outsiders. A professor from Notre Dame amused himself—and his readers—by publishing a pastiche of comments about the legal reasoning and conclusions of the majority of the Warren Court. It read like calls from the John Birch Society for the impeachment of Earl Warren. At the end, one discovered that one had just finished reading excerpts from the dissenting opinions of members of the Supreme Court about the work of their honorable colleagues. At one time or another Earl Warren, for instance, was accused by his colleagues of historical ignorance, self-contradiction, logical fatuity, a failure to grasp the elements of the argument, legal sciolism and double parking.

In other words, the Warren Court is greatly appreciated by its admirers mostly because it came to the right conclusions, from their point of view. And inasmuch as people tend to believe that what they believe in is the profoundest achievement of the human mind, they simply deduced that the judges who gave them those conclusions were the most brilliant of men. Of course, it does not follow.

3. The meritocratic argument that the brighter you are the better off you are guiding the affairs of state is something the liberals ought to feel just a little uncomfortable about, when they consider their total situation. After all, they do believe—do they not?—that a man should be tried by a jury of his peers? Why not by a jury of Ph.Ds? They were extremely enthusiastic about Harry Truman, were our friends who are laughing at the idea of putting a mediocre judge into the Supreme Court. Mr. Truman was, by most accounts, a very good President. By no one's account was he ever more than a mediocre mind.

And 4, if mediocrity means that when you read the Constitution and the Constitution says two plus two equals four, and you therefore rule that two plus two equals four, rather than rule that it depends on whether you had an underprivileged educational background, then precisely what we need is a little more mediocrity; and I for one hope Mr. Carswell overwhelms the Court with it. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. To stimulate
43 94 214 210

B. A mentally defective person with a highly developed special talent
125 201 3 79 83 109 135 169 179 182 206

C. Garrulity
163 138 202 118 87 50 143 55 42

D. Syria, Lebanon, and Israel collectively
175 18 212 162 150 37

E. An animal living in the nest or burrow of another animal
207 1 160 84 152 11 44 59 112

F. Unscramble CASTERS
2 74 69 191 213 122 177

G. What Plato, inspired by Alexander Hamilton, called the masses
142 13 127 132 136 193 28 41 52 141 151

H. The religious service celebrated by Jews every morning
21 102 166 35 204 75 154 123 51

I. To engage in thought or contemplation
38 54 113 95 8 12 25 29

J. Unutterable
31 205 116 130 216 58 96 45 133

K. An oil center in Saudi Arabia
199 91 140 145 124 190 81

L. To consecrate
159 172 4 183 167 181

M. Processed by cutting parallel diagonal slashes into a fur pelt and sewing the slashed edges together to lengthen it and improve its appearance
189 5 208 129 161 196

N. Man for whom a recently deceased senator was named
197 180 186 19 57 184 219

O. Taffy
34 65 80 33 200 62

P. A quantity produced
217 203 195 77 174 218 126

Q. Where nonsubscribers (if any) can buy *National Review*
111 23 61 128 53 176 209 198 89

R. A simple vegetative plant body undifferentiated into true leaves, stem, and root
64 115 82 6 46 188 24

S. This shows relationships between temperature and humidity or temperature and precipitation
70 7 14 17 32 49 144 185 194 117 178

T. The growth of one part so that it overlies or surrounds another
73 155 168 97 108 30 15

U. Very ancient method Kennedy and Johnson used to buy votes
47 36 40 71 78 86 90 153 164 171 16 27 88 93 110 120

V. Description of the expensive welfare state
56 20 187 9 63 76 68 137 148 215

W. Valerian
66 106 192 103 170 156 99

X. Description of a house or apartment
85 158 139 101 104 147 67 10

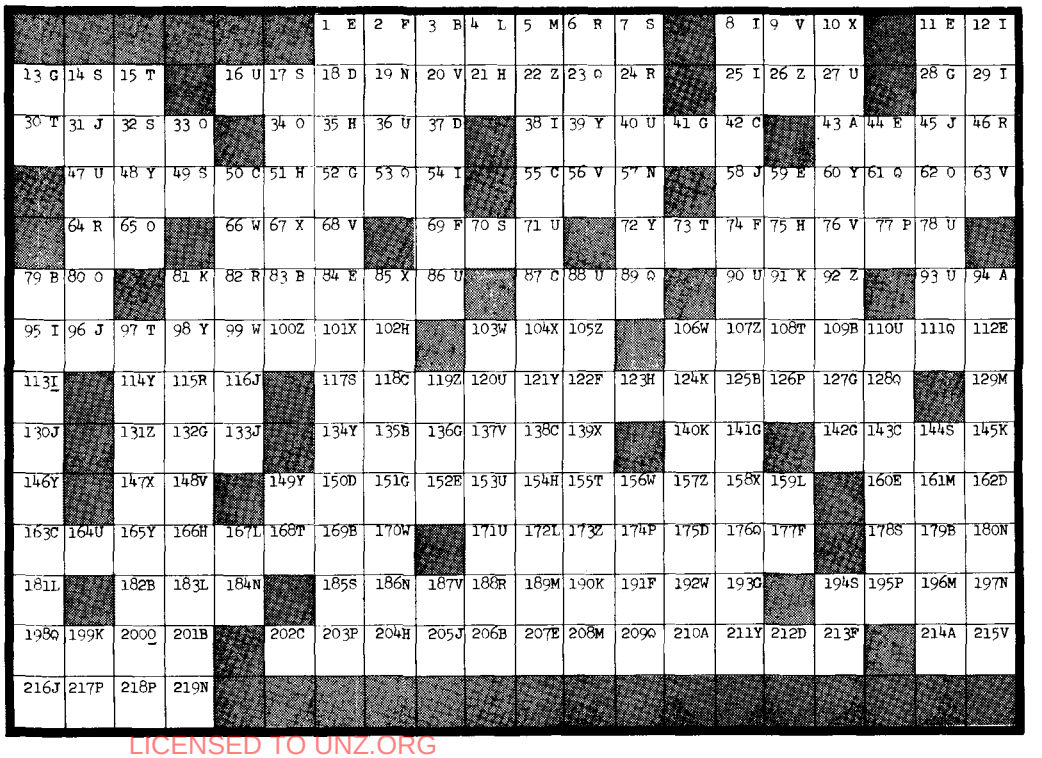
Y. Characterized by or given to pretentious show
98 60 114 121 134 146 149 165 211 39 48 72

Z. Practical joke that tabloid employees might play after the paper has been put to bed (verb)
105 22 107 119 131 173 26 92 100 157

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 426 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram



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- **Dr. L. Metzemaekers:** Editor, HET FINANCIEELE DAGBLAD, Netherlands.
- **"The Gnome of Zurich":** the Swiss banker, who although long associated with Mr. Rickenbacker, must remain anonymous for discrete professional reasons.
- **M. Berkhout:** foreign correspondent, LONDON FINANCIAL TIMES.

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